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THE DEFEAT OF THE MINISTRY.

AT last there is an end of the Reform Bill, and probably of the Ministry that introduced it. All these long debates, fierce contests, endless divisions, have ended in the Bill being defeated on the great gross estimated rental question, and in Mr. GLADSTONE retiring into the cold shade of comparative obscurity. Even if at the eleventh hour, by some unforeseen stroke of fate, the Ministry were reconstructed, Mr. GLADSTONE could not possibly retain the position he has chosen—that of a leader imposing, by the sheer force of his will, an immature and unwelcome measure on a reluctant party. It is with a feeling of real sorrow, and yet of a sorrow that has something ludicrous in it, that we think over this collapse of a great measure, a great opportunity, and we will add, in spite of all Mr. GLADSTONE's faults, a great man. Like the daring pilot of DRYDEN, he has steered straight on rock after rock to show how wonderfully he can manage a vessel. First of all, he invented the necessity of bringing a Reform Bill in less than half a year after Lord PALMERSTON'S death. Then he invented the theory that half a measure ought to be proposed, because half a measure was sure to pass. Then he invented a system of grouping which united the maximum of inconvenience to individuals with the minimum of advantage to the public. Lastly, he invented the dogma that to take one column instead of another out of the rating returns was, according to the particular column taken, to condemn or to uphold the Government. In each of these inventions were contained a thousand difficulties, and every one of these difficulties was created by the man whom, in the end, they have overwhelmed. That the end should be what we now know it to be, is in every way to be regretted. It is lamentable that the future of Reform should be again placed in a dim haze of doubt, and it is still more lamentable that the first man in the English Parliament should have brought himself and his measure to so poor an end. People speak of Mr. GLADSTONE'S incompetency to lead the Liberal party as if it were a very small matter, a curious natural phenomenon like the interesting blindness of small fish in subterranean caverns. Those who really care for constitutional government cannot feel this happy indifference. In such a Government there are two great, two indispensable requisites. The first is that the people should have good sense; and in this respect there is no failure to lament. The country has shown itself quite ready to accept calmly a liberal and well-considered measure of Reform, and what better proof of good sense can a country give? The second requisite is that those who are in the front rank of the Government should be able to play their parts adequately. Here there has been a failure over which we wish we could drop the friendly curtain of oblivion. This week has not been a bright week in the annals of constitutional government. At the moment when a great division on a great question was to end in the breaking up of a Government that has now had nearly seven years of office—at a moment, too, when the Continent is being lit by the first lurid fire of a war that threatens to bring about greater changes than Europe has seen for half a century, to shatter thrones, to set brother against brother and father against son—we find the head of our Constitutional Monarchy five hundred miles away in the recesses of the Highlands. We also find the leader of the House of Commons, threatening and threatened by his supporters, insulted and yelled at in the moment of his defeat, wrecking himself and the Bill on which he had set his heart, and baffling the nation in its honest desire to have the leading principles of Reform discussed and settled. Impartial men may try to set the other side of things before them. They may remember that the faithful services of many years are not to be forgotten, and that this is the first time that the Sovereign has caused a great public inconvenience. And it must be allowed that, however much Mr. GLADSTONE may have otherwise disappointed us this Session he has yet shown himself to

have that earnestness in politics, that identification of himself with his measures, which has long been wanting in English politics, and which forms a satisfactory contrast to the little triumphs of successful tact. Still, when everything has been said that can be said, the regret remains almost undiminished. What a wealth of real good might have been secured to the nation if a strong Liberal Government had been led by a skilful and conciliatory leader! And now all this gain is lost, and Mr. GLADSTONE and his party have quarrelled.

If we look only to the Reform Bill, we must regret that the rupture has come so soon. It is mournful that, after all the expenditure of time and energy that has taken place, nothing, or scarcely anything, in the programme of Reform should be recorded as having received the sanction of the House of Commons. We could not expect that a Bill would pass this Session; but we might have hoped to have seen it determined, in a rough way, how far the House was prepared to reduce the county and borough franchise, how the amount of qualification should be ascertained, whether lodging and savings'-bank franchises should be recognised, whether disfranchisement should be used to provide seats, whether groups (if there were to be groups) should include unrepresented towns. These or some of the chief of these points might have been settled, if not finally, yet provisionally, and as a guide to a complete measure. But, as it is, none of these things have been settled, and we may be glad in some respects that the effort to settle them should not have been prolonged. The relations of Mr. GLADSTONE to the House were too painful not to make any catastrophe welcome that would produce a total change in the attitude of parties. Utterly unnecessary as it was to treat the question of rating as one of vital and primary importance, yet Mr. GLADSTONE was clearly right in saying that he could not feel himself to possess the confidence and support of the House if, under the actual circumstances, Lord DUNKELIN'S amendment was carried. He was distinctly told by Sir ROBERT PEEL that he had affronted and alienated a large body of his nominal adherents. The Opposition gave a party character to the division. They hailed the announcement of the result with a frantic vehemence that showed they thought little of securing a rating franchise, and much of the pleasure of defeating an opponent whom they detest. No man of honour and self-respect could, when beaten on such a division, hold office willingly any longer; and in whatever else Mr. GLADSTONE may have at any time shown himself to be deficient, in self-respect he has never been wanting. No one can say that he is inclined to cling to office in a slavish and submissive manner. And he would be clinging to office in a very submissive manner if he saw with indifference his party not only revolting from him, but announcing their revolt to his enemies and the world. Opinions will differ as to the justification which Mr. GLADSTONE'S conduct afforded for the defection of so many of his adherents. Some will think that Sir ROBERT PEEL was right in his impetuous denunciation of his leader; others will think that silence would have been more becoming, considering the ties that bound Mr. GLADSTONE to Sir ROBERT PEEL'S father, and considering how easily Sir ROBERT PEEL'S honest anxiety for good leadership might be confounded with the petty spite of a dismissed official. The Tories, too, may or may not have been right in getting up a regular party fight on this miserable rating question. There may even be some persons not under the spells of Tory prejudice who may think the fierce exultation, the mad burst of gratified hatred, with which the Tories received the intelligence of their victory creditable to them and to their party. But if Sir ROBERT PEEL was to speak as he did, and if the Tories were to behave as they did, no one can wish that Mr. GLADSTONE, unsupported by a reliable majority, should encounter them any longer as leader of the House.

But we think that the real cause of the defeat of the Ministry lies deeper than in the quarrels of Mr. GLADSTONE and his supporters. A conciliatory leader might have tided over the Session. It is even possible that a leader very conciliatory and very fortunate might next Session have got a Reform Bill, not only through the Commons, but through the Lords. But the Liberal party has now a source of weakness that springs from something more radical than the mismanagement of its leaders. The questions are at an end as to which there is a clearly marked Liberal opinion uniting leaders and supporters—an opinion capable of being impressed on the nation, and involving an issue on which the majority of competent thinkers have made up their minds. So long as a succession of such questions arose, the Liberal party was united and triumphant. First there was Free-trade. Thinkers made up their minds that Protection was a mistake. The Liberal leaders learned to think this too; their party went with them; and the nation was resolved to make an experiment, which, as it was in defiance of all practice, may be confessed to have been hazardous. Then came the Italian war. At first Austria was pronounced to be the natural ally of England, and the Tory party clung to the Treaties of Vienna and to the traditions of English diplomacy. But the Liberal leaders, the Liberal party, and the English people had other ideas. They went with the spirit of the modern world; they looked to the happiness rather than to the obligations of nations. Their view triumphed, and, in a large degree by their influence, a powerful rival was established at the door, and enriched out of the spoils, of Austria. Then came the resolution to stand aloof as much as possible from all the complications of the Continent, and a new character was thus given to the whole foreign policy of the country. This resolution was not much to the taste of some of the recognised leaders of the Liberals, but it was ultimately adopted by them, proclaimed as a doctrine of the party, and accepted, with a readiness that had perhaps something inglorious in it, by the nation. Lastly, the Liberal party and the nation jointly decided that no help or countenance should be given to the losing side in the great American struggle. In all these questions there was a distinct opinion on a matter tolerably definite and comprehensible, and the Liberal party represented this opinion, and triumphed in its triumph. But now a set of questions are arising, and are forcing themselves on the attention of the Liberal party and of the nation, as to which neither the leaders of the party, nor the party itself, nor the nation has a coherent, defensible, arguable view. The questions of the day are very grand, but they are very vague. How democracy can be accepted and yet utilized, how the relations of the Church and State can be altered without the salutary influence of each on the other being lost, how the poor can be defended against their oppressors without introducing an arrogant bureaucracy, how education can be made universal without being made irreligious, are, among the leading questions of the day, the most interesting and the most important; and as to none of them is there anything like a clear tenable opinion which theorists can enunciate and politicians uphold. The Liberal party wants time to think, time to persuade itself and the country what is needed and what can be carried into practice. Much, therefore, as we regret the particular manner in which the party has been broken up, we cannot think that it will have any real reason to lament if the Conservatives will kindly do it the great service of taking office in its stead.

THE WAR IN GERMANY.

WHETHER the cause of Prussia is good or bad, whether it is most likely to please the Gods or CATO, no one at any rate can dispute that Prussia has struck the first blow with admirable boldness, celerity, and success. The war has hardly been proclaimed, the fulminations of Emperors and Kings and Princes against each other are still echoing over Europe, there is not even a certainty that any one human being has been killed, and Prussia is already in possession of the greatest prizes that she could have attained after the longest and most victorious campaign. Prussia is now absolute mistress of the two Duchies, the great original cause of strife, of all Hanover, of all Saxony, and of all Electoral Hesse. The little Powers that a few days ago were hesitating between neutrality and friendliness have now humbly placed their tiny resources at her absolute disposal, and she enjoys whatever faint assistance the armies of Oldenburg, of Mecklenburg, of Waldeck, and Saxe-Coburg can give her. She may be turned out of what she possesses, but she has possession in her favour. Northern Germany—all Germany, that is, north of the Maine and of the line of the Bohemian

and Moravian mountains—practically belongs to her. She can use the wealth and the population of this great district as she pleases. She can levy taxes as she likes, and call conscripts as she wants them to fill the ranks of her army. This is unquestionably a great military advantage. Saxony, more especially, is a stronghold which she might have naturally expected would offer her enemies a sure base of attack against her, and now she holds it as a base of defence, and possibly as a base of attack against them. By holding the valley of the Elbe above Dresden, she holds the key of a position which it will cost the blood of many brave men to force. To any one who knows how proud the Saxons were of the strength of this position and of the possession of the great fortress of Königstein, it seems almost comical to think that Prussia has scarcely declared war against Saxony before she has got into her keeping this famous fortress and the magnificent defile which it commands. Even if she is attacked in Saxony, she will have the satisfaction of fighting on alien soil. It is a sad thing that so picturesque a city as Dresden should be made the centre of military operations, that cannon should play upon this quiet home of Art and the Muses, and that the terrace over the Elbe, which all tourists know as one of the prettiest lounges and sweetest shrines of mild beer and instrumental music in Europe, should be abandoned to the tread of arrogant Prussian officers and mournful Prussian conscripts. But, at any rate, a Prussian may be very glad that, if any city is so to be illused and desecrated, it is not a Prussian city that is to suffer. In the same way, if Hanover is to be recovered, it will be Hanoverian farms that will be burned and Hanoverian churches that will be riddled with cannon-ball in the struggle. Rumour says that the first step which the EMPEROR and his allies have taken is to settle very accurately and precisely what is to be done with Holstein. Everything is arranged; but then the Prussians have done something better than arranging about Holstein. They have got hold of it, and if they are to be turned out of it, the sorrows of the miserable Holsteiners are yet to begin. It was sad for them in the old days that they might not sing as much as they wished hymns in honour of what, with a grand defiance of geography, the national poet calls the sea-surrounded Schleswig-Holstein. But it will be far worse and much sadder for them if their pleasant pastures are made a battle-ground of great armies, and their fields reddened with blood, on a scale quite different from that to which the little Danish war may have accustomed them.

But the real success of Prussia is not so much military as political. The genius of Austrian generals and the disciplined bravery of Austrian troops may prevail, and Prussia may be driven back, crushed and humiliated, within her own borders; but nothing can undo the effect of the great political revelation that has been made this week to Europe. Wherever the Prussians go in North Germany, they go really as friends and not as enemies. They have shown that it is true that the Courts, and not the people, of North Germany are against them; and they have shown that these Courts have no hold over their subjects, have won neither popular respect nor affection, and that the whole structure of these petty Kingdoms and Principalities is rotten. It was no great matter that the Hanoverian fortress of Stade, garrisoned by less than three hundred men, surrendered without a fight to an overwhelming force of Prussians. But it is a great matter that, when the garrison marched out, they immediately fraternized with the Prussians, and that both conquerors and conquered immediately melted their heroic souls in the beloved beer of their common Fatherland. The population of Hanover went out a mile or two to meet "the enemy," and escorted them in the most affable manner to a central position beneath the windows of the palace, where the QUEEN had been left by the great descendant of the GUELPHS to examine leisurely this easy extinction of the dynasty. History has its comic as well as its tragic side, and the comic side of history is brought out very strongly when we read the account of the flight of the KING, and how the mighty TCHIRSCHWITZ, the head of the war party, had to gallop away too fast to permit him to buckle on his sword. In Electoral Hesse, the Prussians have arrived as real deliverers. The ELECTOR was perhaps the worst Sovereign in Europe. He has committed every public enormity, and almost every private enormity, a petty tyrant can commit; and for years his indignant people have been kept quiet solely because it was given them to understand that the KAISER and the KING did not like insurrections. The KING has now changed his mind, and himself arranges and carries out the insurrection, and the KAISER is too far off to frighten any one. In Saxony, there has been no

demonstration in favour of the Prussians, but there have been many signs that the mass of the people entirely disapproved of the Austrian tendencies of their KING and his Ministers, and that, if there must be a war, they prefer the cause of Prussia. In Nassau, the Chambers have declared that they entirely disagree with their DUKE, and will give no aid towards the enterprise on which he has set his heart. It is impossible to realize fully, without knowing Germany, how great a gain all this is to Prussia. She has received a kind of informal decree of justification from those who certainly are entitled to judge her. She has proved that, in claiming to lead and to consolidate Northern Germany, she is fulfilling a wish that Northern Germans entertain honestly and widely. Wherever she goes, her military authorities announce that they come to administer the government as friends among friends, and the relation thus claimed is instantly acknowledged. Prussia holds Hanover and Saxony, and in a military point of view this is much to her advantage. But it is still more to her advantage that she holds them, not as the countries of enemies, but of friends. There is no enthusiasm for Prussia in Hanover or Saxony, for it is remembered that it is Count BISMARCK who has set the Prussian troops in motion, and neither Hanoverians nor Saxons had been driven by suffering into that burning love of change which has for years animated the breast of every honest subject of the Elector of HESSE. Nor do either Saxons or Hanoverians like the war. But as the Prussian troops have come among them, and as the war has been brought to their doors, whether they like it or not, they are forced to choose a side; and their sympathy with all that Prussia represents or may represent in Germany, and their dread of all that Austria has represented hitherto, determine the current of their feelings, and they are willing, and even glad, that Prussia should govern and protect them.

The Prussian army now occupies three main positions. It holds Saxony in the centre, and can scarcely be attacked there without the attacking force being exposed to a great disadvantage. On the East, the CROWN PRINCE defends Silesia, resting on the chain of fortresses which line the banks of the Oder. On the West, the various Prussian corps that have operated successfully against Hanover, Hesse, and the adjacent Principalities are threatened by a Federal army under Prince FREDERICK OF HESSE. It may be guessed that the main struggle will be in Silesia, for there BENEDEK commands the Austrians, who have already crossed the Silesian frontier; and BENEDEK has promised his troops an easy victory over an enemy whom he invites his soldiers to conquer with him in despising. The Austrians are, according to the programme sketched out for them by their leader, to have a very nice time of it in Silesia. They have scarcely got any fighting to do that is worthy of the name. The Prussian army consists, the Marshal says, partly of young men not accustomed to the hardships of real war, and partly of the doubtful and dissatisfied Landwehr. The Prussians, too, as their adversary goes on to say with a most unkind oblivion of Duppel, do not possess a single general who has had an opportunity of learning his duties on the field of battle. Nor will the boasted needle-gun do the Prussians any good, for the Austrians will simply charge them with the bayonet, and the needle-gun will be entirely useless. The Austrians may therefore enter on the campaign as if they were going to a picnic or a ball. Bands of music during the fighting will, as the Marshal poetically says, play heroic pieces for the warlike dance; and, after the fighting is over, the Austrian soldiers will find repose upon the enemy's soil, and those compensations which a glorious and victorious army has the right to demand. And what these compensations are he leaves his ardent Croats, and the quiet families of Breslau and other Silesian towns, to imagine for themselves. The Marshal is too old a soldier to talk to himself as he talks to his regiments. The Prussian army may be inferior to the Austrian or it may not. French military men say it is inferior, but then French military men, almost without an exception, hate everything Prussian, while they are very well inclined to praise the Austrians, whom, the more they are praised, the more glorious it is to have beaten at Magenta and Solferino. But the Prussian army cannot be quite so poor a one as the Austrian commander, in his prudent desire to encourage his own men, represents it to be; nor are the defences of Silesia very weak or contemptible. If the Prussians are conquered, they will only be conquered in a long and stubborn fight, and at the outset they have already deprived Austria of one of the chief fruits of her success. Austria is fighting to uphold the old order of things in Germany, and it can never again be doubtful that the old order of things is an

unnatural one, not in harmony with the wishes or the wants of the people of Northern Germany, and only to be imposed on them and maintained among them by force. A victorious Austrian army may bring back King JOHN to Dresden and King GEORGE to Hanover, but no army can henceforth make the rule of those Sovereigns seem to the world anything but the rule of petty satellites of Vienna.

THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

THE patient English nation, though it is not suffering under strong excitement at present, regards its rulers with feelings of justifiable irritation. The defect in common sympathies and common sense which neutralizes Mr. GLADSTONE's marvellous ability, the questionable tactics of the Opposition, the unseasonable collapse of the Government, the utter uncertainty of the future, and, above all, an unnecessary delay, begin to ruffle the temper of the community. A City panic and a great European war had already furnished sufficient causes of disturbance without an unnecessary and perplexing crisis. It matters little that the occasion of the Ministerial resignation was the decision of an arbitrary and trivial issue between two different columns in the parochial rate-book. Convenience and constitutional precedent recommend the selection of secondary questions for Parliamentary trials of strength, but, in the present instance, only a portion of the majority desired to obtain a party triumph. The supporters of a rating franchise were unanimous only in their objection to the Ministerial Reform Bill, and perhaps also in the wish to administer a lesson to Mr. GLADSTONE. Yet it may be doubted whether Lord RUSSELL would be well advised in taking the opportunity, which may probably be offered, of resuming or retaining office. The Ministers have, chiefly by their own fault, succeeded in disorganizing the powerful party which was ready to support them after the death of Lord PALMERSTON. If they remained in office, they would again be exposed to checks in the House of Commons, and perhaps they might alienate the only zealous section of their adherents by the unavoidable abandonment or adjournment of Reform. Mr. GLADSTONE may safely be trusted to provide his antagonists with plausible pretexts for hostility. Even if he could forget personal causes of annoyance, he would scarcely abstain during the remainder of the Session from the promulgation of some fanciful and unpopular doctrine. His terminable annuities are now generally considered to involve an economical mistake, and the House is not in the humour to tolerate any proposal of Mr. GLADSTONE's which is not intrinsically tenable. A statesman who understands and consults human nature can afford to make a few theoretical errors, but an earnest and uncompromising legislator is bound to be always in the right. Perhaps Mr. GLADSTONE was right in his stern preference for his favourite column; but as the orthodoxy of his doctrine scarcely admitted of demonstration, miscellaneous malcontents took occasion, like the companions of BRISEIS, to recur to their own private griefs. Παροικλον πρόβασιν—the estimated rental was the pretext; τὰ δ' ἐαυτῆς κῆδ' ἐκάστη—boroughs threatened with redistribution, and members threatened with an autumn Session, found shelter under the column of rateable value. If Mr. GLADSTONE desires to deepen and perpetuate the resentment which he has provoked among his followers, he has only to demand a dissolution. The Liberal party would never forgive the unnecessary vexation which would be inflicted on members and constituencies, in the vain hope of correcting the accumulated blunders of the Minister.

On the supposition that Lord RUSSELL and his colleagues persist in their tender of resignation, there are only two alternative modes of forming a Government. It is remarkable that two possible heads of a new Ministry belong to the same family and to the same party, while they nevertheless represent almost opposite political tendencies. Lord DERBY has in his later life become a Tory pure and simple, although he is not in the habit of offering obstinate resistance to any necessary concession which may be pressed upon him by more pliable associates. A high position, a popular character, and a great oratorical faculty have acquired for Lord DERBY an honorary pre-eminence which will not be disputed if he once more claims the first office in the State. Yet his uncertain health and his growing weariness of political contests render it probable that, in a DERBY Government, the real management of public affairs would devolve on younger and more ambitious statesmen. Mr. DISRAELI, whatever may be his faults, is neither bigoted nor impracticable, and, in domestic policy at least, he would perhaps be

not illiberally disposed. In the ranks of the Conservative party there are many creditable candidates for office, and, with the exception of Mr. GLADSTONE, their predecessors will not have overshadowed them by any extraordinary display of power. Mr. DISRAELI, Lord STANLEY, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, Mr. WALPOLE, and Lord CRANBORNE have no occasion to fear a personal comparison with the members of the outgoing Cabinet. Sir HUGH CAIRNS stands on the same professional and Parliamentary level with Sir ROUNDELL PALMER, and Mr. ROLT or Mr. BOVILL would fill with credit the vacant post of Solicitor-General. If Mr. GLADSTONE is more eloquent, Mr. DISRAELI knows far better how to manage the House; and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE would administer the finances with prudence and technical skill, although his Budget speeches would not be admired as works of art. Only blind partisans can affect vehement alarm at the reactionary tendencies which may be attributed by adversaries to a Conservative Government. There is but one serious objection to Lord DERBY's accession to office, and it has already on two occasions proved fatal to the success of similar experiments. A Conservative Cabinet may be both capable and patriotic, but it has no majority in the House of Commons. Moderate men would perhaps desire to give a fair trial to the heirs of a succession suddenly vacated by political suicide; but on some early occasion the scattered fragments of the Liberal party would, as in 1852 and in 1859, reunite in the assertion of the privileges of the majority. The foreign policy of a DERBY Government would be regarded with reasonable suspicion, for the retrograde theories and despotic sympathies of the principal leaders of the Conservative party appear to have survived their domestic prejudices.

An administration formed by Lord STANLEY might perhaps escape some of the difficulties which would beset a strictly Conservative Government. The party might without discredit accept the leadership of a statesman who is largely trusted by Liberal politicians within and without the walls of Parliament. Although the time has not arrived for a general coalition of moderate men of both the great parties, a Government which was not exclusively Tory in its composition would receive support from many waverers, and from doubtful adherents of the former Ministry. Some of the most considerable speakers in the House might probably be willing to take office with Lord STANLEY, although they might shrink from the more decided measure of serving under Lord DERBY. The combination offers so many recommendations that it would almost certainly be adopted, if it were possible to dispose of Mr. DISRAELI's indisputable pretensions. The Conservative wish was father to the thought that a troublesome and indispensable chief should be relegated to the House of Lords, and consoled with the seals of the Foreign Office. Prudent patriots might object to one part of the arrangement, and Mr. DISRAELI himself is not likely to acquiesce in the other. It is not the time for a speculative English diplomatist to indulge in fanciful schemes for the reconstruction of Europe, especially as foreign projectors are actively engaged in the same seductive employment. Mr. DISRAELI's foreign policy is not that of the English nation, and the originality of his possible devices would not satisfy a prosaic community. It is also scarcely probable that even the most glittering offer would tempt him to abandon the ground from which he derives his strength. Mr. DISRAELI might command a peerage, because he is powerful in the House of Commons; but when he was once removed to the House of Lords he could command nothing more. Lord STANLEY, who is condemned sooner or later to become a peer, would probably be forced as Prime Minister to retire himself to the Upper House, and he would find it difficult to preserve an ascendancy over his versatile colleague and former leader. According to a third version of prevalent rumour or conjecture, Mr. DISRAELI himself might become Prime Minister, while Lord STANLEY would conduct the Foreign Office on the strictest principles of non-intervention. The prolonged golden age of newsmongers and political projectors is not as conducive to the welfare of the country as to the interest of club conversation.

The interruption of Parliamentary business and the Ministerial interregnum are serious evils in themselves, and the vexation which they cause unfortunately tends to deepen into discontent. The duties of Constitutional Royalty, as it has been moulded by historical circumstances, are undefined, elastic, and only occasionally urgent. The Abbé SIÈS, in his abortive copy of English institutions, partially defined the functions of the reigning Sovereign by his imitative contrivance of a Grand Elector. The most important attribute of the Crown is the formal election of Ministers, who are indeed previously, though vaguely, designated by

Parliamentary choice. The ordinary business of the country is transacted by the Executive Government and by the Houses of Parliament; but in every political crisis it is necessary for the Sovereign to discharge the functions which must otherwise have been entrusted to some elected President or Protector. Reflection and observation confirm the traditional and almost innate faith of Englishmen in an unpremeditated Constitution which, as Mr. RUSKIN says of visible nature, has no boundary lines. The social and ceremonial supremacy of the reigning Sovereign is at the same time the complement and the reward of a diligent performance of useful services which may perhaps sometimes be distasteful. During the greater part of the present reign, the Royal functions have been discharged with a sound judgment and a conscientious assiduity which have been recompensed by universal respect and approval. Ten years ago the resignation of a Ministry would have been accepted or rejected within twenty-four hours, and the necessary measures for securing the services of competent successors would have long since been adopted. The country would be deeply disappointed if any morbid feeling should produce an inaction which would leave the powers and duties of the Crown in abeyance. There can be no doubt that the impending decision of the QUEEN will be influenced by the purest and most patriotic motives, but the apparent sacrifice of public interests to private convenience or inclination has already produced a painful impression. Every subject has a vested interest in the prerogative, and has a right to protest against any course of action which may even remotely injure a cherished dynasty. Habitual deference has perhaps led to some misapprehension, and genuine attachment is not incompatible with sincere remonstrance. The most loyal Englishmen regard with the gravest anxiety any damage which the Crown may suffer, either through an excessive devotion to youthful amusement, or through the apathy or indifference of maturer years.

THE FENIAN ATTACK ON CANADA.

THE first incursion of the Fenians into Canada ended in a manner not wholly satisfactory, though the GOVERNOR-GENERAL justly congratulates the Colonial Parliament on the unanimity and energy which have been displayed. It was perhaps impossible to defend a long line of frontier against adventurers who could choose their own point of attack, especially as they would only assemble for the immediate occasion. It is comparatively easy to watch the movements of an army, but the Irish rabble of the American towns only become Fenian marauders on the eve of invasion. Some hundreds of these people, including a considerable proportion of discharged soldiers, having arrived at the frontier by railway, crossed the Niagara on the 1st of June, and occupied a mill or farmhouse called Fort Erie. For two or three days they spread themselves over the country without opposition, and at last they met with one or two bodies of volunteers. After a skirmish in which the Canadians suffered some loss, both parties retreated hastily, and on the approach of a small force of regular soldiers, the invaders recrossed the river, leaving their pickets and stragglers, to the number of eighty or ninety, prisoners in the hands of the English authorities. If the defence of the district had been conducted by a vigorous and skilful officer, the Fenian ruffians would have received a lesson which might have produced salutary effects. It was unfortunate that they found themselves opposed by volunteers under an amateur commander, for in a contest among undisciplined troops the assailant is almost always worsted. The Colonel of the 47th Regiment will perhaps be able to satisfy his superiors that his long delay in attacking the invaders was unavoidable. It would have been desirable either to crush them on the spot, or to tempt them further into the country, so as to ensure their ultimate capture. At present they can boast of a trivial success which may easily be magnified into a victory, and they have proved by experiment the security with which hostile operations may be conducted on an American base. Their enterprise was hopeless, but the result has shown that it involved but little risk. If the band had been annihilated, the conspiracy would have collapsed, to the satisfaction not only of Canadians and of Englishmen, but of all respectable Americans. The mendacious reports of a glorious triumph probably account for a recent incursion on the Vermont frontier. On this occasion the Fenian historians record a victory over British cavalry, although no troops of that description are stationed in Canada.

The freebooters, in their retreat across the river, were intercepted by an American ship of war and made prisoners. They are said to have been since liberated on bail, and pos-

sibly some of the most guilty ringleaders may be prosecuted. The despatch of General GRANT and General MEADE to the frontier indicates the intention of the Government to suppress at last criminal projects which have hitherto been tolerated, if not encouraged. No fresh expedition is likely to cross the Niagara, as there is a Federal force in the neighbourhood; and General GRANT has even urged the Government to call out the State militia. The good faith of the Federal authorities removes the only serious danger of the Fenian movement. As far as the leaders of the conspiracy had any object, except to satisfy their dupes, attacks on Canada must have been organized for the exclusive purpose of producing misunderstandings between England and the United States. The irritation which accompanied and survived the war seemed to render the experiment feasible; and the conspirators were perhaps deceived by the echo in Democratic journals of their own boastful assertions and promises. It fortunately happened that the Irish were, throughout the Northern States, more practically disliked than their alleged oppressors. The antipathy to England which is a part of American education is imaginary, or rather verbal; for the most zealous and ignorant of patriots must feel a difficulty in cherishing resentment against the memory of GEORGE III. The Irish immigrants, on the other hand, combine with Republican independence defects of character which are peculiarly disagreeable to their new compatriots. They are disorderly and factions, and during the civil contest they took, for intelligible reasons, the unpopular and unsuccessful side. Trading politicians who flatter Irish prejudices despise the credulity which they cultivate, and the Fenian conspiracy never became so plausible and formidable as to attract sympathy or respect. The better class of Americans have perhaps no objection to designs against England, but they are justly indignant at contemptuous disregard of their own municipal laws. There is no question of neutral duties, because there are no belligerents; but the organization of piratical enterprises against a neighbouring territory is obviously illegal, while the farcical pretensions of the so-called Irish Republic only excited ridicule. The threatened invasion of Canada was an insult to the American Government, and some of the adventurers, including the leader of the late expedition, having served in the Confederate army, might justly be charged with a breach of the implied conditions of the amnesty which they had practically enjoyed. Public sentiment and opinion were generally on the side of law and justice, and old complaints against the Canadians or the English were revived only to illustrate the supposed contrast between the slackness formerly imputed to the colonial authorities and the good faith of the United States. The distinction between a condition of war and a time of profound peace was not unnaturally disregarded; and it is unnecessary to disturb a complacency which happens, as in many similar instances, to be an ally of virtue. Nations are never more certain to abstain from wrong than when they pride themselves on their adherence to the right; yet here and there an American might perhaps be found who would admit that the Fenian enterprises against Canada indicated at least equal negligence with the evasion of the *Alabama* from the Mersey.

The impunity which will probably be accorded to the fugitives from the Canadian shore furnishes no ground for complaint, or even for regret. The Americans think, with some reason, that it was the business of the civil and military officers in Canada to punish the lawless invaders of their own territory. Respectable society in the States desired nothing better than to be rid of as many turbulent Irish patriots as could be accommodated in prison or on the gallows. A moderate amount of military skill would have ensured the capture of the entire force, and it would have been the duty of the Canadian tribunals to provide the Fenian heroes, for the first time, with honest occupation in the form of penal servitude. The offence against American law is comparatively light, and there might be a difficulty in procuring verdicts from juries; and as the colonial Government and its subordinates were not quick enough in closing the trap, the vermin must profit by their activity and luck in escaping. If other bands attempt to follow O'NEIL's example, the American generals will probably show that they are not disposed to waste their time in the obscure occupation of maintaining a frontier police. The Government of Canada will perhaps be more vigilant on the next occasion, and it ought not to depend for the security of the frontier on the unskilled zeal of a volunteer colonel. The local suspicion of American complicity in the invasion will disappear when the facts are more calmly considered.

It seems to have occurred, even to the unreasoning Fenian

intellect, that an invasion of a peaceable country which was in no way responsible for the misfortunes of Ireland required some explanation or pretext. The managers of the conspiracy accordingly announced that they had no intention of effecting the permanent conquest of Canada, and that they only intended to use the province as a base of operation from which they could send forth expeditions and cruisers. It must be supposed that the functions of the colonial Government and Parliament would have been temporarily suspended, and the Canadians would undoubtedly have been expected to contribute to the funds of their unwelcome guests. It is not surprising that STEPHENS should denounce as fools and traitors the authors of so absurd a project, although his own scheme of conquering Ireland at the cost of a few thousands of pounds is at least equally chimerical. An impartial judge would, on the whole, incline to prefer SWEENEY and ROBERTS to their less active competitor; for, until the attempt had failed, it seemed more possible to promote a quarrel between the English and American forces on the Northern frontier than to smuggle successive batteries of artillery into Ireland. STEPHENS hints to his admirers that he has taken measures for the assassination of informers, and in one or two instances the menace has been justified by the result; but there is little in a few private murders to excite popular enthusiasm, especially when the crime is perpetrated at a distance. The great battle with the Canadian volunteer regiment, which will be identified by Fenian historians with the English army, transcends the exploits of STEPHENS and his own peculiar accomplices. It will not be necessary to explain the ulterior objects of the campaign, or to defend the policy of conducting a war against England on Canadian soil; and the PRESIDENT's proclamation, with the measures of precaution which have been adopted by General GRANT, will furnish a sufficient excuse for the postponement of further expeditions. The Fenian leaders have always affected to believe that their cause was favoured by the American Government, although reasons of policy might impede the offer of active support; and they will now be able to assure their followers that they have proved their superiority over English troops, but that for the moment it is imprudent to provoke the disapproval of the Federal authorities. If the subscriptions which may follow the announcement of a victory cover the expenses of the Fort Erie enterprise, and of the similar exploit at Highgate, the speculation will have been successful. The loss of a few dozens of prisoners will excite little regret, for the Fenians estimate the lives and liberties of their associates at their true value. Although it is for the American Government to judge whether O'NEIL and his principal accomplices should be tried for their breach of law, it would perhaps be better that they should escape prosecution than that they should be acquitted by prejudiced juries. A verdict which was only intended as an expression of dislike to England or to Canada would be interpreted as a profession of sympathy with the Fenian plot. The Canadian Courts may be trusted to deal with the criminals who have been caught, though the more guilty ringleaders have unluckily escaped.

THE ITALIAN WAR.

THE occupation, by the Prussian army, of Hanover and Dresden has been followed at once by an Italian declaration of war. The issues that are to be decided in the vast struggle which thus commences have the merit at least of being intelligible. Since the beginning of the present century, the strength of Austria upon both sides of the Alps had lain in the subdivisions that weakened the unity both of Italy and Germany, and in the little reactionary dynasties which, in the German Confederation as in the Italian Peninsula, have played the part of so many Austrian agencies and outposts. To rule Germany and Italy by the medium of princes or of priests has been the traditional Austrian system; and though at this time of supreme crisis the system seems a fallible one, it has worn well, until at last it has worn out. The Lombardy campaign drove in, within the Austrian lines, the Court circles and the Ducal families on which the House of Hapsburg depended in the South, and Italian unity gained what Austria lost by their removal. A similar operation has now apparently begun in Germany; though, if successful, it will only be accomplished with a lavish waste of life among peaceful and industrial populations, and will operate principally for the aggrandizement of the Prussian Kingdom. It is not difficult to see in all this how true it is that great political movements are the result of deeply-rooted natural causes. Already the fate of the Duchies of the Elbe is half forgotten, and the whole of Europe is absorbed in watching the

simultaneous and not dissimilar current of feeling and events which on the North and on the South of the Alps may probably force Austria still further into her shell.

The letter in which General CIALDINI notifies to the ARCHDUKE in command in the Quadrilateral that hostilities will begin in three days is straightforward, and to the point. It does not seek to disguise in protestations or technicalities the real cause of war. "It was inevitable that Austria and Italy should again find themselves face to face in the first European complication." The certainty of this had, during the last five years, been apparent to all the world except, it would seem, to Austrian politicians. Before many days are over, it will be seen whether the Italian army is capable of rendering serious assistance to Prussia by creating an instant diversion upon the Po. If so, the possession of Venice will scarcely be entitled to count as even a military advantage. No cannon-shot has been yet heard, but when the King of ITALY and GARIBALDI, *duo fulmina belli*, went up to the front, the first gun was as good as fired. Though no extraordinary manifestations occurred in Italy until Austrian troops began last April to muster in Venetia, the chief principle of the various administrations of the country for three years back has been to prepare Italy for war. For some weeks the Cabinet have been in readiness to transfer their portfolios, if necessary, to their successors; and the abrupt termination of the Conference negotiations, if it did nothing else, saved Italy both money and suspense. General LA MARMORA at the last moment follows the King into the field, and resigns, though with evident and curious reluctance, the cause of which is still a secret, the department of Foreign Affairs. RICASOLI succeeds him, but the spirit of the new Cabinet differs in no perceptible degree from that of the preceding, since LA MARMORA remains a Minister without portfolio, and no serious attempt has been made to conciliate the party of the Left. The offer of the Ministry of Agriculture to MORENI was possibly made that it might be declined; and, with the exception of DE PRETIS and RICASOLI, the Ministerial modifications must be described as unimportant. It is not essential that they should be otherwise. Though the Legislature of Florence occupies itself to the last with internal legislation on the subject of Church property, the first thing now to be done is to conduct the war, and to control the Southern provinces with resolution and despatch; and for these purposes the present Executive is enough. Money sufficient for absolute necessities has been, or will be, found by the Government of Berlin or the bankers of North Germany; and by this time it may be that the merchants of Saxony are being taxed to find the volunteers of Italy in red shirts, muskets, and cheap country wine. LA MARMORA is understood long since to have completed all his plans of organization, and matured his scheme for the campaign; CIALDINI is thought by military men to be an able general; and, while the army fights, the nation is not sorry to see politics and diplomacy under the care of an honest and somewhat obstinate Premier.

Three points of especial interest present themselves upon the line which Italy draws round the Quadrilateral and Venice. The first is the spot occupied by GARIBALDI and his volunteers. They are in the vicinity of the lakes, at Como, or Lecco, and the district north of Bergamo and Brescia. The Tyrol at present seems more immediately threatened by their gathering than the Adriatic provinces of Austria, but it is impossible to predict in what direction General GARIBALDI will be employed. The second centre of general observation may be said to be the army under LA MARMORA and the KING, which from the group of Italian strongholds that is made up of Cremona, Pavia, Piacenza, and Pizzighettone, is moving upon the Mincio. They have in front of them the Austrian Quadrilateral, and behind them a Quadrilateral of their own, with Alessandria still further in the rear. But the third and most important position of all is that held by CIALDINI with what, in contradistinction to the army of the Mincio, may be called the army of the Po, consisting of some 50,000 or 60,000 men. Bologna is the basis on which these latter forces rest, being, as is obvious, an all-important railway and military centre. From Bologna CIALDINI is reported to have already broken up, and to be marching northwards. Should he cross the Po between Ferrara and the sea, and try to force his way through the district of Rovigo to the other side of the Adige, in the direction of Padua or Este, he would be threatening the Austrian line of communication with the Quadrilateral. The ground in these parts is flat, marshy, and malarious; but it may be thought desirable to secure the advantage of co-

operation with the Italian fleet. It will not certainly be long before we have news of some maritime expedition, with either Venice or Pola for its object. Nor is it impossible that a concerted attack might be made at one and the same moment on all points of the Austrian line, by the fleet, the volunteers, and the two armies. If Italy acts by land upon the offensive, it is probable that the Adige and the district of Rovigo will witness bloodshed early in the campaign. But whatever be the future movements of either combatant, the interest of spectators may be for the present apportioned between GARIBALDI on the Lake of Como, LA MARMORA upon the Mincio, and CIALDINI upon the Po.

There is an absence of all satisfactory information as to the strength of the Austrian forces in Venetia or the Quadrilateral. We know that the Italians can muster, for offensive purposes, 300,000 effective men, and that the line of railway which runs in the Italian rear ensures their being tolerably well supplied with material, and with food. But no one knows what are the Austrian numbers in the Quadrilateral, or even whether they are sufficient to act, if opportunity offers, upon the aggressive. Austria, indeed, has no political object to gain by crossing the Po. It is not worth her while to conquer what she would not be allowed to keep. If the Po is crossed by her at all, it will be doubtless for military purposes, and the proximity of the Italian railway line to the Quadrilateral almost invites an offensive movement. But the military plan of Austria must evidently depend on the number of men that she can spare from Germany. If the Austrian EMPEROR had only made up his mind to yield Venetia at the eleventh hour, upon condition of Italian neutrality, the military balance in the North could not but have been perceptibly affected in his favour. Such a concession, however, might be even now too late. Were it otherwise, the day would possibly go hard with Prussia.

THE BANK AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THESE are exceptional times in the City, and the fact that they are so will probably be urged as an excuse for the policy which the Directors of the Bank have pursued. For many years nothing could have been more satisfactory than the course they have followed. They have abandoned the notion of being too prophetically wise, and have regulated their rates simply by reference to the amount of their bullion and the reserve of notes in the till. Until the occurrence of the panic, it had been easy to predict the successive variations in the rate of discount from the weekly returns of the Bank; and if the normal rule had still been followed, we should have seen a large reduction ten days ago. Instead of this, we find the ten per cent. charge still maintained, and the suffering of the panic consequently prolonged. On Thursday, the 14th instant, the bullion in the Bank cellars had risen nearly 3,000,000*l.* above its lowest point, and reached the very respectable amount of 14,481,000*l.*, and since then it has reached the total of 14,851,000*l.* During the period that has elapsed from the passing of the Act of 1844, there is no example of a stock of bullion as large as this coincident with a rate of discount higher than 4 per cent., and yet at the present moment 10 per cent. is insisted on as the minimum price. It is quite true that the Bank, acting on sound principles, regulates its terms to a very great extent by the amount of its reserve of notes, which is in some degree independent of the aggregate stock of gold in the two departments, and the reserve a week ago was down to about three millions and a half, and has only now recovered to upwards of 4,500,000*l.* But even when the same symptom has been experienced before, with a less advantageous state of the bullion, the rate of discount has never been maintained at anything like ten per cent.; and the circumstances of the times, so far from justifying excessive stringency, are precisely those which would recommend more than ordinary consideration for the commercial world. The reason why the reserve is so small is perfectly well understood, within the Bank parlour as elsewhere. There are five millions of bank notes stowed away in the various banks of the country, to meet the dangers of a period of panic. This cash is not really wanted, and is not, in any proper sense, used. The instant that people recover from the insane terrors that caused the crisis, all this money will flow back to the Bank; and, as always happens under the influence of panic, the operation of any act, whether of stringency or indulgence, is exactly the reverse of what it would be in ordinary times. Under average circumstances, the requirement of higher rates reduces the demand, and replenishes the

Bank reserve, and any reduction immediately leads to an outflow of cash. But when the whole trading world is frightened out of its senses, and banks have to guard against the weakness of depositors and the fraud of conspirators, the more formidable the Bank rate is, the more money is abstracted from it. If, a week ago, the rate had been lowered to 8 per cent., no one doubts that some millions of bank notes would have found their way back to Threadneedle Street, and the narrow balance which is supposed to justify the maintenance of an extreme rate would instantly have been magnified to fair average proportions. It is not seriously supposed, even by Bank Directors, that the trade of the country, crippled as it has been during the last few weeks, really needs 25,000,000*l.* of bank notes, instead of the 20,000,000*l.* which ordinarily satisfies its requirements. The demand is wholly artificial, and in great part created by the precautions which the Bank has taken ostensibly to meet it. A reasonable relaxation a week ago would have gone far to restore confidence, and though it is now perhaps too late to take the wiser and the bolder course, we can see nothing to justify the timidity which has led the Bank Directors to depart from their usual prudent policy.

The motives which have influenced them are no doubt intelligible, though far from satisfactory. In the first place, they have been for some weeks practically entrusted with the privilege of manufacturing paper-money to any extent they pleased, and this privilege would have been forfeited by a reduction of the rate of discount below 10 per cent. It was a mistake on the part of the Government to impose any such restriction, but it was a greater mistake on the part of the Bank to hug the indulgence which Mr. GLADSTONE had conceded so eagerly as to interfere with their own settled policy. This, although no doubt the main operative inducement, would perhaps not be put forward by the defenders of the Bank as the excuse for their unwonted timidity. There has been another reason, such as it is, in the background. A drain of gold has set in to the Continent, and especially to Paris, where the enormous accumulation of 25,000,000*l.* has taken place; and it has always been the sound maxim of the Bank to take precautions against a foreign drain which would be thought needless when the demand was found only within the home markets. But though the drain has undoubtedly existed, there was no ground whatever for regarding it with alarm. And this for two reasons—one, that the influx from America largely exceeded the outflow to Europe; and the other, that no conceivable reason could be assigned for anticipating a permanent current of bullion from this country to France, or any other Continental State. However adverse a particular exchange may be, no aggregate foreign drain can without absurdity be supposed to exist, so long as the bullion in the country is increasing at the rate of more than a million a week. The well-known fact that London is the great centre for bullion operations implies that at all times a large proportion of the remittances we receive will find their way to other countries; but to imagine a perilous drain of bullion, because we do not keep all the gold that is unloaded in the port of London, would be like the folly of a tradesman who should be in dread of bankruptcy because all the money that passed through his hands was not absolute clear profit. As long as the gold that comes in exceeds the gold that goes out by so large a margin as we have seen of late, there is no pretext for saying that a drain exists, even though there may be—as perhaps there is now—some reason to anticipate a slight tendency in that direction at a future time. It will be quite soon enough, however, to provide for that contingency when it arrives, and with so considerable a stock of bullion as that now available there is no special reason to fear being taken unawares by an unexpected demand. There is special reason for carrying relaxation to the utmost safe limit at a time when commerce is paralysed by a fictitious scarcity of currency caused entirely by a groundless panic. Whenever merchants can fail, as has happened recently, with a margin of assets 50 per cent. beyond their liabilities, there must be something altogether unwholesome in the atmosphere of commerce; and, of all institutions, the Bank of England is under the heaviest obligations not to pander to the weakness of alarmists by continuing a day more than necessary exceptional precautions against a temporary danger.

Notwithstanding the want of courage exhibited by the Bank, the firmness with which trade has borne the shock of collapsing banks and panic rates is very remarkable. As yet the commercial failures have been neither numerous nor in any sense discreditable; but this steadfastness cannot last for ever if the present state of tension is to be prolonged. Just now 10 per cent. at the Bank of England means 12 or 15 per cent. for all

but the great traders, and an almost absolute refusal of discount to those who work on a still smaller scale. Without reasonable discount accommodation no trade can go on, and when the channels for the negotiation of commercial bills are choked, as at present, it is only a question of time whether the obstruction will be removed before or after the collapse of the entire trade of the country. The sacrifices entailed upon all persons engaged in business are enormous, and the fact is now obvious enough that the trouble which has been endured is due to causes wholly external to the regular field of commerce. It may be hoped that the hard times are now near their end, and that even the Bank of England will soon recover its wonted courage and judgment.

While the effects of panic have been stimulated by the nervousness of the Bank, the facilities for ruining established firms have been as sedulously protected by the Committee of the Stock Exchange. Almost omnipotent as they are in the control of the most important part of the dealings in shares and stock, it would be easy for them to discountenance and defeat the schemes which have been so successfully worked for damaging the credit of Banking Companies. So long as it is in the power of any one to sell for the account bank or any other shares which he does not possess, there can be no safeguard against a run, except the ruinous precaution of keeping a large margin of deposits uninvested. If rumour speaks truly, the game of discrediting banks, with a view to profitable manipulation of their shares, has been carried further since the panic than at any former period. Occasionally a knot of these conspirators has been beaten by the simple tactics of the friends of the assailed Company in buying up shares as fast as the concoctors of the project offer them in the market, but in some cases a Stock Exchange combination to sell the shares of a particular Bank has ended in the ruin of the Company. A really sound and strong concern would perhaps stand all that the speculators could do to destroy it; but only Companies in a very exceptional position can be considered proof against a commercial conspiracy of this kind. It has long since been found by experience that legislative interference is wholly without effect in determining what shall or shall not be a valid bargain on the Stock Exchange. The Committee have vastly more power in such matters than any House of Commons, and they seem to have resolved that the most irregular and pernicious of the transactions of their members deserve to be sustained (if necessary) by the power of their own private quasi-judicial administration. It may have been right to decline any special interference with one particular class of shares; but if a comprehensive reform of the Stock Exchange had been carried a year ago, it is not unlikely that the panic might never have arisen, and it is morally certain that confidence would have been restored before now had it not been for the practices which the Stock Exchange magnates have taken under their protection.

THE JAMAICA INQUIRY.

SEVEN or eight months ago, the Jamaica disturbances for a time occupied public attention more conspicuously than almost any other political topic. The Government prudently satisfied a general desire by appointing a Commission of Inquiry, and the popular excitement, which was consequently suspended, will not be easily revived. The Commissioners' Report, and the despatch in which Mr. CARDWELL adopts their conclusions, coincide almost literally with the judgment which had been previously founded on a comparison of the statements which were published at the time. The enthusiastic champions of Mr. EYRE, and the sectarians or philanthropists who placarded the walls of London with accounts of imaginary horrors, are equally convicted of error in the calm and colourless record of a judicial inquiry. The insurgents, or rioters, put eighteen persons to death on the 11th of October, and two or three additional murders were committed on the following days. In retaliation, 493 deaths were inflicted, either by sentence of Court-martial or by the regular and irregular troops. The Commissioners take no direct notice of the entire absence of all attempts at resistance, but their narrative negatively confirms the original descriptions of the one-sided contest. The number of floggings was enormous; 1,000 houses were burned; and the Commissioners appear to object mildly to proceedings which, to ordinary observers, seem extravagantly cruel. They also report that the continuance of martial law, after all probability of disturbance had ceased, was a violation of constitutional right. Mr. CARDWELL concurs in their opinion that Mr. EYRE was entitled to credit for his energy in suppressing or preventing

insurrection; but, as a proper punishment of his irregular conduct in administering the government by martial law, he removes him from office.

The case of GORDON is separately considered in the Report, and the decision of the Commissioners will command general assent. They show, by extracts from GORDON's letters and speeches, that he was a demagogue of the most obnoxious kind, as his turbulence was prompted and supported by a vulgar and spiteful fanaticism. The rite of adult baptism, by which he had been initiated into his sect, furnished both GORDON himself and BOGLE with a standing metaphor to illustrate their political or seditious movements. Like other sectarian agitators, GORDON expressed his hatred of his private enemies in Scriptural language, and his malignant prophecies may naturally have been interpreted into proofs of treasonable designs. Nevertheless, the Commissioners adopt GORDON's account of his conduct, and believe that he only went as far as possible without actually breaking the law. They might have added that even the officers who tried him by Court-martial, and the Governor who confirmed the sentence, do not seem to have had any distinct belief that he was guilty of the crime for which he nominally suffered. Angry and frightened opponents confused moral culpability with legal guilt, and hastily assumed that GORDON must be considered to have designed the natural consequences of his words and acts. Having satisfied themselves of his innocence, the Commissioners proceed, by one of the oddest of syllogisms, to the sound inference that there was no conspiracy in Jamaica. If, they say, there had been a plot, GORDON would certainly have been one of the principal ringleaders; but GORDON was not an accomplice, and therefore there was no conspiracy. The process of reasoning might perhaps, without inconvenience, have been reversed or inverted.

Although there was no deliberate or general plot, the outrage at Morant Bay was intentionally organized by BOGLE and his accomplices; and the criminals, anticipating the blunder of the Court-martial and the GOVERNOR, undoubtedly supposed that GORDON was ready to act as their leader, because he had encouraged their disaffection. In one of his addresses he is said to have exhorted his hearers to follow the precedent of Hayti, and his ignorant admirers failed to distinguish between practical advice and a mere figure of speech. Utterly incapable of appreciating the resources either of the local or of the Imperial Government, two or three hundred negroes submitted to some form of drill, and then, at BOGLE's instigation, commenced a wild attack on the white inhabitants of the island. The complicity of BOGLE might have furnished the Commissioners with another argument for the inference which they had deduced from the innocence of GORDON. If there was a conspiracy, BOGLE was one of its authors; but he was too incapable to organize a plot, and therefore there was no conspiracy. The project, such as it was, was devised in his chapel, and probably it was communicated to an intelligent congregation in his religious discourses. The native preachers of Jamaica are a troublesome element of society, but for the present they will probably be disposed to profit by the warning which they have received.

The Commissioners abstain from prosecuting an inquiry into the causes of discontent among the negroes; but they incidentally remark that the remuneration of labour is small, not because the rate of wages is low, but because the workmen are idle. The question was the less material inasmuch as the rioters of Morant Bay and their leaders were generally occupiers of land, and not persons depending upon wages. The chief object of the malcontents was to obtain possession of the back lands, or uncultivated portions of estates; and they were probably indebted to agitators for the discovery that labourers were ill treated by their employers. The UNDERHILL meetings are not mentioned in the Report, and it may be assumed that the Commissioners disbelieve in the supposed grievances which formed an excuse for agitation. Perhaps, however, they may have found it impossible to form a satisfactory opinion on points which could scarcely be decided by evidence. Their labours in the examination of witnesses were sufficiently exhausting; and if they had investigated the general condition of the colony, they could have added little to the statements which have been already published in the Blue-book. The most animated passage in the Report consists in a description of the difficulties which impede the search for truth in a West Indian atmosphere. The peasantry spoke a barbarous dialect, and were incapable of accurate conceptions of time or of number. If the witnesses had wished to tell the truth, they would probably not have

succeeded; and if their recollection had been perfect, they would probably not have desired to furnish accurate information. The Commissioners further complain that educated witnesses offered opinions as evidence, and reported as within their own knowledge statements which they had heard from others. All but the most curious inquirers will shrink from penetrating into the vast bulk of testimony, which is to a great extent rejected as worthless by the Commissioners themselves. The Report represents the impression produced on competent judges by the language and demeanour of the witnesses, and even if the Commissioners have in any instance been mistaken, a critical student, with far less opportunity of forming a judgment, would have but a remote chance of correcting the error. Exeter Hall may perhaps employ some laborious commentator to examine and refute the conclusions of a Report which will not be acceptable to extreme philanthropists; but arguments founded on the statements of witnesses must depend on their credibility, and it would be presumptuous to believe testimony which the Commissioners dismissed as false or doubtful. The conclusion that the trials by Court-martial were, for the most part, fairly conducted is surprising, and almost paradoxical; but experienced lawyers are not likely to have been biased in favour of military tribunals, and the Commissioners have examined the records of proceedings which were seldom reported in the newspapers.

The Report will probably be noticed whenever Parliament resumes business, but it will not be easy to interest the House of Commons in any discussion of the subject. It was an excellent reason for postponing debate that the Commission was sitting, and an equally conclusive reason for silence may be found in the completion of the inquiry. The moderate distribution of praise and blame will not provoke remonstrance, and there will be a general reluctance to commence an investigation which would be an appeal from the Report. The Act which has transferred the Government of Jamaica to the Crown supplies an additional reason for allowing the controversy to drop. If the negroes were misgoverned, or if the finances were improvidently administered, the local authorities have been superseded, and the new Government has not yet been tried. All classes of the inhabitants have probably become wiser by experience, and the welfare of the island no longer depends on their patriotism or judgment. There is little ground for sanguine hopes of improvement, nor is it even certain that the European residents will find it worth while to remain in the island. It is, however, the obvious duty of the Government and of Parliament to let the experiment be fairly tried by the maintenance of peace and order, and by an impartial administration of the laws. If the negroes are ultimately left to themselves, the colony will probably subside into the condition of a less savage and less anarchical Hayti. On the other hand, the negroes have the opportunity of proving, under the protection of a simple and impartial Government, that they are not incapable of civilization.

THE BELLEROPHON v. THE ROYAL SOVEREIGN.

THE experiment recently tried on the *Royal Sovereign* was quite unique, but perhaps the most satisfactory thing about it was that it really taught us very little that was not perfectly well known to every one who has not had the misfortune to be a Lord of the Admiralty. Thanks to the old Iron-plate Committee, the measure of the destructive power of a given gun with a known charge, or of the resisting capacity of a certain thickness of iron and teak, can be predicted before a trial with almost absolute accuracy. It is necessary to bear this in mind if a right judgment is to be formed of the behaviour of the *Royal Sovereign's* turrets under fire. They are plated with $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches of iron on a teak backing, with an additional layer of $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches of iron, in lieu of part of the teak, in the immediate neighbourhood of the ports. It was perfectly well known beforehand that a 12-ton gun with 40 or 50 pounds of powder would send a shot at short range through $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches of armour; and it was little less certain that, if it hit near the edge of a port, it would seriously chip or bend even the ten-inch coating in that part of the turret. A given quantity of iron is not much stronger on a turret than on a broadside, if it is hit nearly at right angles; and, in truth, we have not at present a single ship in the navy—not even the *Bellerophon*—whose sides could resist such a pounding as was given to the turret of the *Royal Sovereign*. It was not, of course, to test the strength of a particular kind of plating that the turret was fired at, for that problem might have been solved much more cheaply by using experimental targets, or, to speak more correctly, has been completely solved already.

Questions of this kind are common to all plated ships, whether on the turret or broadside principle, subject only to the remark that it is a good deal harder to hit a small turret exactly in the right place to avoid glancing, and if possible to enter the port, than it is to perform the same office for the flat side of an ordinary iron-clad, with her multitude of ports, all necessarily larger than those of a turret-ship.

So far, therefore, as the trial confirmed the opinions of our most experienced authorities upon the competition between armour and guns, it was only interesting as showing on how sound a basis past conclusions have been founded, and in no way touched the controversy between the turret and the broadside methods. One point, however, though neither new nor peculiar to turrets, ought not to be passed over. It has long since been proved that iron-plating fixed with bolts and nuts or boltheads tumbles to pieces under treatment which the French plan of fastening on plates with wood-screws—that is to say, not screws of wood, but iron screws fitted to work into wood—can endure with little injury. There are inconveniences in using this last mode of fastening in ships with composite sides; but the damage done to the turret of the *Royal Sovereign* is one more convincing proof that the bolt fastening is utterly incapable of standing the shock of heavy shot, and must be abandoned altogether, whether in turret or broadside ships. A single shot of 280 lbs. at short range shook the plates quite away from their bed, and not only this, but sent a shower of bolt-heads about the inside of the turret which would have sufficed to slaughter half the gun's complement of men. This last danger might perhaps be obviated by a belt masking the whole line of bolt-heads; but nothing except the use of wood-screws has yet been found effective in resisting the jar of a heavy shot. This, however, is only an incidental lesson which, after all that has been done before, scarcely needed to be repeated for any other purpose than to penetrate the hitherto invulnerable apathy of the Board of Admiralty.

The real object of the experiment in which our best iron-clad was fired at without remorse was to solve two problems supposed to be doubtful—one, whether the concussion of a heavy shot hitting exactly in the right place would throw the turret out of gear; the other, whether it was possible to jam the turret and the surrounding ring together by a well-planted shot on the ship's deck. Some of our best authorities doubted whether a turret might not be disabled in this way if a shot chanced to fall exactly on the right spot; and Captain KEY was at one time decidedly of opinion that in this consisted the special weakness of the turret system. It was very natural that this guess should have been made. In the first place, the American Monitors had got their turrets jammed in action from this very cause, and though their construction is very different from that adopted by Captain COLES, their comparative failure threw discredit on the entire system. Moreover, it was hard to believe that any arrangement of working machinery could be made so firm as not to yield and jam under the tremendous impact of a shot capable of going through six inches of solid iron. Those, however, who had closely examined the construction of Captain COLES's turrets felt the utmost confidence in their strength. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the *Royal Sovereign* and the American ship the *Miantonomoh*, which is now lying at Queenstown. As in all the American Monitors, the bearings of the turret are thrown upon a central spindle, which has been proved again and again to be incapable of resisting violent impact without yielding sufficiently to jam the turret against the deck. Captain COLES's turret, on the other hand, rests upon its circumference, or rather upon a turntable somewhat larger than the turret, which travels on a number of very massive iron wheels. It is at the same time steadied by a central axle, much larger in diameter than the American spindle, which has to do the whole work unassisted. Unless the framework of the base or the supporting wheels should give way, a turret like the *Royal Sovereign*'s seems incapable of being put out of gear; and the attempt to disable it with the *Bellerophon*'s guns was a signal failure. Each of the three shots was placed upon the spot previously chalked as a mark for it, these having been selected as the most vulnerable points. One was close alongside of a port, another on the thin part of the turret, and the third upon the deck immediately in front of the ring that encircles the turret. After each blow the turret, though its plating was tremendously knocked about—as it well might be from a gun at 200 yards with more than 40 lbs. of powder—worked as smoothly as could be desired; and it may fairly be inferred that, whatever fire might be concentrated upon it, it would never get out of gear until its sides were altogether shot to pieces. This shows an immense advance upon the American

design, and disposes of all the most serious hypothetical objections to this mode of mounting heavy guns.

The controversy, in truth, has no longer two sides to it. There were, or were supposed to be, disadvantages to some extent counterbalancing the advantages of a turret, but it would be difficult now to name any disadvantage peculiar to a turret-armed ship, when once it is assumed to be desirable to concentrate the armament in very heavy guns. All the weak points of a turret-ship are common to it and to an ordinary iron-clad, while its strength, both offensive and defensive, is in great part its own. The turret, of course, may be smashed to pieces, but so may the side of a broadside vessel, and there can be no doubt that the *Royal Sovereign*, if allowed to fire in her turn at the *Bellerophon*, would give a great deal more than she received. Even this, however, is not an adequate measure of the superiority of the turret; for it is universally acknowledged that any gun that can be built may be carried on a turn-table on board ship, while it is thought an extreme effort of genius to mount 12-ton guns on the *Bellerophon*. The turrets of the proposed *Monarch* are to carry 600-pounders, and such weapons would sink the *Bellerophon*, or any other broadside ship at present possible, long before she could come near enough to scratch the surface of the turrets. Nor is it a small matter that the whole side of a ship pierced with portholes is a much easier mark to hit than a comparatively small turret; and, to appreciate fairly the experiment against the *Royal Sovereign*, we ought to remember that ships when they go into action do not anchor close to an enemy with all their weakest points carefully chalked, and that in all probability the three shots actually fired might be fairly taken to represent the effective portion of perhaps one or two hundred rounds from an enemy. And in the meanwhile the turret would not be altogether idle.

The result of this trial will give additional confidence to the constructors of the *Monarch*, though it may not much alter their plans. Her armour, as already designed, is much stouter than that of the *Royal Sovereign*; her guns are to be twice as heavy, and it is certain that she would never allow the *Bellerophon* to come near enough to her to do the slightest damage. The weak point in the design is anywhere but in the turrets. For some strange reason it has been assumed that a turret-ship is bound to be not only less vulnerable and more destructive, but also more comfortable than any other ship in the service. Hitherto they have been just the reverse, some amount of dryness and comfort having been sacrificed for the sake of diminished surface above water, which implies increased speed and stouter plating. That the Americans have carried this principle too far may be admitted by all who have seen the sides of their sea-going *Miantonomoh* some three feet out of water. Still, it is a valuable part of the turret principle that less free board is necessary to enable the guns to be worked in a sea-way than is required in a broadside ship. Every foot of height added to the side of the vessel, with its additional load of armour, is so much taken away either from offensive armament or speed or stowage, or all three; and the sound principle would seem to be to limit the free board to the smallest amount consistent with the reasonable comfort of the crew. The Americans may be wrong in thinking three feet enough, though their Monitors have crossed the Atlantic and rounded the Horn. The *Royal Sovereign* may be too low with her five or six feet, but why nine or ten feet, which suffice to make the *Himalaya* a comfortable ship, should be thought too little for the *Monarch*, it is difficult to say, except on the principle evidently assumed by the Admiralty, that the turret system shall be tried under the severest conditions, and that it shall gain the day (as it can scarcely fail to do) though weighted like a Derby winner. When the success of the *Monarch* shall have silenced all the carping objections that have so long been urged, we may learn at last to balance one advantage against another, and to build smaller vessels with less surface exposed, which, if they make their crew more wet once or twice in a year, will more than compensate the inconvenience by unequalled power and safety in action. But in England time is an essential element of Admiralty perceptions, and we must be content to advance by slow and measured steps.

TWADDLE.

A LABORIOUS compiler might make a voluminous and massive work by putting together at the end of every year an abstract or narrative of all the twaddle which had been added during the twelve months to the world's store. Nobody can doubt that the publication, though interfering occasionally with the vested interests of copyright, would be both popular and lucrative, and would be

regarded among large sections of our fellow-creatures as a sort of annual Golden Treasury. Twaddle is not always nonsense. Some of it is true enough, and what constitutes its right to be called twaddle is simply that it has been produced at an unnecessary expenditure of time and words and trouble. There is no season of the year at which the manufacture of it is more active than the present. May meetings, public dinners, wedding breakfasts, and evening lectures all add very largely to the sum total, and it is a serious and edifying thought that there is no hour of the day during the spring and summer months at which several dozens of human beings are not simultaneously upon their legs, contributing their quota to the great stream of twaddle. The last few days have given birth to advertisements, in the most prominent portions of the newspapers, calling attention to meetings that have been held for the purpose of choosing Sheriffs for the City of London during the coming year; and the mass of speeches that have apparently been made by "citizens and poulterers" about the moral and mental capacity of "citizens and fishmongers" to fill the high and dignified office of sheriff, all winding up with resolutions about the able and courteous conduct of some other "citizen and spectacle-maker" in the chair, is very remarkable. Everything said on these occasions has been doubtless quite correct, only it seems to have taken a long time, and a great deal of energy, to say it. The record of after-dinner speeches, if it were carefully kept, would lead us to a similar conclusion. Several hundred chairmen during the last couple of months have probably delivered themselves of disquisitions on the virtues of the Queen, of the Royal Family, and the late Prince Consort; and the number of words employed in persuading Englishmen, over their wine, that they are quite right to be as loyal as they are, is probably incalculable. If they were all put together in a book, we should cease to be astonished at the pomp and prodigality with which Mr. Martin Tupper's thoughts are in the habit of being born. The thousands of bridegrooms, again, who in the last few weeks, according to the most moderate computation, have stated at length their conviction of the delights of matrimony, form another instance in point. Each has probably made a speech upon the subject, which has given him some trouble to compose, but all the speeches have perhaps not come to much more than this, that it is a very pleasant thing to be quite happy. The enunciation of commonplaces seems to be an important feature in our national life. No end of human mills are always grinding away at the production, and never appear to grow weary of it.

The uses of twaddle are, upon the other hand, by no means inconsiderable. If speech were reserved only for the manufacture of new and profound observations, or the production of new sensations, the world would be much worse off than it is. Simply to judge of the results of twaddle from the point of view of educated people who happen to be bored by it, would be a shortsighted and unwise proceeding. In the first place, it is to be remembered that human beings cannot be kept either from bookmaking or from speechifying. The mere pleasure of the process of composition is sufficient to attract them to it; and, starting from the assumption that they must and will endeavour to obtain a hearing, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that they cannot do better, upon the whole, than direct their attention to the composition of twaddle. Whatever may be said against twaddle, one thing is plain—that, if it is true twaddle, it is never immoral or irreligious or depraving to the heart. Like many other things, it is not easily defined, but it is easy to point out some of the ingredients that go to make up the definition; and in particular it is obvious that twaddle is always unobjectionable in its tone, and generally is delivered with an air that is in itself a sort of recognition of the value of sound habits, of good conduct, and of piety. Hypocrisy has been said to be the homage that vice pays to virtue. Twaddle is a similar homage paid to virtue, not by vice, but by stupidity. It is accordingly both gratifying and reassuring to feel, as one reasonably may, that the flood of words which seems to be always streaming down from so many lips in no particular direction, though it appears to arrive at nothing strikingly effective in the end, is free from much that would be injurious, and that it can do nobody any harm. When we compare English and American literature with the literature of other countries, we have reason to be thankful and satisfied. That vast masses of men and women of our own race, in both hemispheres, are interested in Mr. Tupper or Miss Wetherall, is an agreeable reflection which one never could enjoy if the staple mental food of Anglo-Saxon millions consisted of infidel or vicious works. A people who manufacture or enjoy twaddle may not be highly intellectual, but at all events their daily life is likely to be happier and more domestic than if they had a more fiery taste which could only be appeased by a school of writers of the calibre of M. Alexandre Dumas the younger, and his innumerable followers. Such a way of looking at twaddle will not appear patronizing or cynical to those who consider how many of the pursuits and occupations of mankind must be estimated according to a similar standard. Half of the daily habits of the world are praiseworthy, not because they are positively valuable or useful, but because they exclude other habits that would be positively the reverse. The character of popular entertainments, for instance, is to be judged not so much by the presence of good as by the absence of evil. The seventy years during which human life lasts upon the average are made up of many vacant days and idle hours, and philanthropy has reason to be content if these vacant days are saved from being bestowed badly, by being bestowed on objects that are totally indifferent. Careful observation teaches us that the great criterion of all progress is not how much ground has been gained,

but how little has been lost, and an age is not to be valued by its absolute intellectual achievements so much as by its freedom from declension and from vice. Nor is it quite fair to represent twaddle as equivalent to time wasted. The hours spent every Sunday by Englishmen in hearing sermons are often, in a certain sense, time wasted; but it makes some difference where time is wasted. Time wasted under the influence of twaddle is at any rate time wasted in an atmosphere where the higher laws of morality are continually recognised, and even openly proclaimed; and men who care for the welfare and virtue of their race may often feel disposed, without irreverence, to thank heaven that the world is still in some degree a world where twaddle flourishes and abounds.

Another useful reflection upon the subject of twaddle is, that what is twaddle to intellectual minds is not necessarily twaddle to everybody else. Nothing seems, at the first glance, more commonplace or futile than any after-dinner toasts; and it requires all the consolations of philosophy to assist us occasionally to sit still and endure them. But after-dinner toasts about the Queen or the Bishop of the Diocese or the Prince of Wales are by no means unimportant when one thinks of the country farmers, or the village tradesmen, or the town-councillors and aldermen who form the staple portion of the audience. In the first place, they like to listen to such sentiments, and it is a happy thing for the country that they do like to listen. If they did not, it would not be because they rebelled against the tediousness of the speakers, or the antiquity of the truisms, but because their opinions on the subject were sectarian and hostile; and no one wants to see loyalty unpopular, or the clergy of the English Church condemned wholesale by large numbers of violent and uneducated critics. The effect of all the twaddle that is spoken on such occasions from the chair is actually to maintain, and perhaps to create, a wholesome tone of feeling among those who are very much at the mercy of what they hear from speakers of this kind. A provincial missionary meeting does not appear a very exciting affair to outsiders, but, if we remember who the audience are, the twaddle manufactured during the séance becomes almost praiseworthy. To estimate it properly, one must begin by putting oneself in the position of men and women who have never been further from their village than the nearest market or the neighbouring county town. That such people should learn in a vague way that there is a place called Otaheite, where clergymen are occupied in teaching texts of Scripture to naked little savages, is by no means as unimportant a thing as cynics might believe. The farmer's wife or the grocer's wife who hears of it goes home and teaches texts to her own children with redoubled vigour and severity, and in addition to this, has acquired an indistinct sensation about the duty of considering the interests of mankind at large. If indeed she could see behind the scenes, and understand all the shortcomings of the platform orator in respect of liberality and temper and education, it might be different. But twaddle is not twaddle except to those who know that it is twaddle. To those who do not, it is often most refreshing; and a lecture on Africa or on Palestine, or on Shakspeare, from a lecturer who knows very little about either, is a positive godsend to human beings who would otherwise go down to the grave in ignorance of the very names. In all progress there must be a beginning, and one need never be afraid of beginning too low.

Another sort of twaddle that has its practical uses consists of the commonplaces and truisms in what are popularly called "good books." They do not do much good to the educated class, but they do considerable good to others who are less fortunate. Such people judge, not by the novelty, but by the intrinsic value of the ideas contained in what they read. It is perhaps a moral disadvantage to educated men and women that they are familiar *ad nauseam* with the commonplaces about virtue and religion. The subject loses its interest, because we have most of us heard all that is to be said on such topics already, and a milk and water repetition of it from the pulpit, or the platform, or in a good book, becomes intolerable in time. But there are millions who live in a less fine mental or moral air. They do not hear these things spoken of often, or universally recognised as rules of life and action, in the society in which they move. Nor are they able to discriminate between the worse and the better way of putting them. Their sense of the beauty of the idea is not shocked or offended by the vulgarity of the writer who dilates on it; and the flaws in the human vehicle do not affect or injure the worth of the truth which he mutilates or obscures. Milk and water for such classes of readers is no tasteless and repulsive diet, but the very food they want. Proverbial philosophers who only irritate cultivated minds are prophetic and inspired teachers for minds that are uncultivated. And in this way twaddle comes to be one of the great engines and instruments of civilization. A poor and worthless poetaster who merely says badly what has been said twenty times as well by the famous authors whom he imitates, provided only he says what is not untrue, is in his own sphere one of the teachers of his time. Just as there are books for children, there must be books for little shopkeepers; and it is hopeless to insist upon administering the highest order of intellectual or moral philosophy to those who really think it no truism at all, but a most precious truth, to be told authoritatively that unselfishness and purity and truth are good and excellent things. A large view of life ought to teach all of us to be tolerant of all things; and if we only saw how much good twaddle effects, we should in time be able to survey twaddlers, not merely with curiosity, but even with interest, and some sort of faint admiration.

OUR NEIGHBOUR'S INCOME.

A PROPOSAL to restrain the publication of returns to the Income-tax has, it appears, just been thrown out in the American Congress, though by a very insignificant majority; so the curiosity with which every citizen of public spirit regards the income of every other citizen may continue to be as freely gratified as it deserves to be. The dreadful uproar which would certainly follow any attempt to give a similar satisfaction to a similar curiosity in Great Britain may be very easily imagined, and the contrast of feeling on the subject is one of those many minor differences which separate our own from the American character. There is nothing about which an ordinary Englishman, and still more an ordinary Scotchman, is more reserved than the amount of his income. He would rather let you into the secret of the family skeleton than hint with truth how much money he is making every year. The notion of having this printed, and published in a book to which anybody who ever heard his name might have access, would make him uncontrollably furious, in spite of the great compensation which he would have in being able to find out how much money everybody else was making every year. Yet it is not to be denied that he is not by any means dead to all curiosity as to the measure of his neighbour's prosperity. And, to a certain extent, there is some sort of moral justification for what at first seems a sheer piece of prying impertinence. For the knowledge of a man's income is one guide to the knowledge of his character. If his income is of his own earning, and not inherited, its amount is the measure of his industry and perseverance, of his judgment, foresight, and general ability. Along with other things, it serves as a rough index of his success in making the best of himself and his chances. Then again, whether he has earned it by the sweat of his own brow, or inherited it without this trouble, it is an excellent test of many of the most important virtues which enter into character. If you know how much a man earns or receives, you have some means of judging whether he is stingy or prudent, whether he is unjustly profuse or wisely generous, whether he has an eye to the contingencies of the future or is leaving the future to take care of itself in order that he may snatch full enjoyment of the present. Besides all this, it is your neighbour's income which is in some sort the measure of the value of your own. A comparison of the two discloses the rate of material progress at which each is advancing, and, without any ill-conditioned rivalry, this is very interesting to everybody who has not such a stock of the Aristotelian virtue of high-mindedness as to be confident of his own towering superiority over all the rest of the world without troubling himself with any investigation of the details of the subject. An American may seize the admission both that there is this curiosity and that on the whole it is not altogether indefensible, and proceed to argue that the religious dimness with which we all surround the amount of our incomes is only a part of that half morbid, half sly reserve which is commonly thought by ignorant strangers to be an exhaustive account of the national character. But there is something to be said on the other side. Is it not possible that a man hates talking freely about his income for the same reason that he hates talking freely about anything else which concerns nobody very much but himself, from a dread of exhibiting one of the most offensive kinds of egotism? He thinks perhaps that a richer man than himself does not care one straw about the subject, while a poorer man is rather aggrieved. And even the richer man may be annoyed that his friend should be likely to run him close, because not even the best of men is absolutely unwilling to think himself a shade better off in worldly goods than his acquaintance. The dread of intruding your own affairs on other people, which is one of the most respectable characteristics of the Briton, applies particularly when they are money affairs. And, by a reasonable inference, he dreads the intrusion of other people in his affairs, throwing himself back on the ancient saw that, as an Englishman's house is his castle, so is his income.

But usage has probably more to do with the reserve on this point than any subtle moral considerations, or any deep-lying national qualities. In India, for instance, there is what seems an amazing frankness as to the amount of incomes. A European will tell you, without a question, exactly how many rupees a month he receives. For this, however, there is a reason. The most prominent and numerous class of Anglo-Indians are in the public service, and the salary of even the most exalted among them can be discovered with the utmost nicety, on reference to an official directory, by anybody who cares to know. Parents and guardians, and anxious mammas with daughters and marriageable consignments from England, have an infallible guide-book through all the crafty mazes of the suitor. No inextricable social embarrassment that we are aware of follows upon this publicity, any more in India than in the United States. And it has its advantages, which would scarcely vanish if the practice could be generally introduced at home. If every man's income were published, it would, to begin with, act in the same way as the compulsory use of the word "limited" after the title of the joint-stock companies established on that principle. It would be a guide to tradesmen as to the amount of credit which they might safely give; though, indeed, from cases which occasionally come before the public, it would appear that most tradesmen are literally very fond of trusting people whom they must know to be thoroughly insolvent. Again, if every man's income were known, nobody would be tempted, as so many are now, to live beyond their means just for the pleasure of

making believe that they are much better off than they really are. If a man with a thousand a year were spending two thousand, he would be aware that all his neighbours would look upon him as a great fool and knave. As it is, if he manages judiciously, it is surprising how long he may persuade them that he is really making the two thousand which they can very plainly perceive him to be spending. After all, however, this is only one out of several greater advantages which would flow from the practice of men showing themselves up in those true colours which are only known authentically to themselves. In order to procure so desirable an end, one must invent a magical flute which shall constrain every man who hears it to blurt out the truth about himself. Most unhappily, the necessity of making an income-tax return is singularly wanting in this magic virtue. Would it be too much to describe it as a preternatural instrument for turning even decently truthful men into liars? If King David had found it advisable to levy an income-tax on his subjects, he would have continued to repeat at leisure what he confesses to having said in his haste.

It is difficult to see how the practice of giving publicity to the returns would improve their truthfulness. The people of whom the Chancellor of the Exchequer tells us from time to time would probably persevere in their dishonest courses if their returns were ever so much exposed to the scrutiny of neighbours who would be sure to detect the under-estimate they had too modestly made of their own good fortune. One cannot forget the story of the firm who, when their business premises were destroyed for some City improvement, having to apply for compensation in proportion to their annual profits, represented those profits at just double the figure which appeared in their return to the Income-tax; nor that other firm which submitted without a word to an increasing surcharge of ten thousand pounds for each of three consecutive years. If public morality is so low as to permit men, in other respects of average passable honour, to perpetrate frauds of this kind on the Government and on their honest fellow tax-payers, we can hardly suppose that the publication of a notoriously untrue return would subject them to anything more unpleasant than a half-sympathetic laugh at their coolness. There is this to be said, that if the returns were published it would be in a manner to one's own advantage rather to over-estimate one's income. That is, a firm might make more than the fourpence in the pound they would have to pay by the greater credit and standing which the reputation for a larger income would give. Certainly, in the non-commercial world, there are plenty of people who would be very happy to pay twice fourpence in the pound on an imaginary income, for the sake of the advantages they might get from being supposed better off than in truth they were. A young barrister, for instance, might find it worth while to return himself for an income of twelve hundred pounds when he was only making six hundred. The greater prestige might be worth to him much more than the fifteen or twenty pounds which he would have to pay on the imaginary six hundred. Social advantages of various kinds might be purchased by ingenious and insincere adventurers, by the same process of losing a sprat to catch a whale. In this way, the publicity of incomes might be the means of foisting a thousand social counterfeits upon the world. It would be interesting to know how far any results of this kind have come of the American practice in the only country, so far as we know, where it prevails; and how far also, in the opinion of competent persons, it has the effect of preventing people from shirking their public duties and cheating the revenue.

There is unquestionably a great deal of false and unintelligible delicacy about money matters. The possession of a small income is too often spoken of in an under-breath, as we should speak of a man's father having gone mad, or of his wife having run away from him. A poor man mostly resents the assumption, in any proposed plan for business or for pleasure, that he is poor. A graceful hypocrite might make himself wonderfully popular by letting every man he met see, in a delicate way, that he reckoned his income to be not less than two thousand a year. Of course, there is a well-known form of affectation of a highly offensive kind, which consists in perpetually hoisting your comparative poverty up for the wonder and admiration of the bystanders. On the whole, this is more preposterous and disgusting than the vulgar boastings of the newly rich. But even these tiresome vaunters of their poverty are not unwilling that you should suppose them to be much less poor than they pretend. There is another strange and unmanly affectation which is worth noticing. People in distress frequently decline to be assisted except on a false pretext. They won't take your help unless you will swear that it is only a loan, and not a gift. The fact that they can never by any possibility repay it counts for nothing in the debate. Or they won't take it unless you accept an equivalent; that is to say, you pay them a five-pound note for a piece of embroidery which, if you happened to want it, you could buy in open market for threepence; or else you must take a trumpery drawing, or some literary trash, in order that the recipient may not lose his or her self-respect. As if there were any reason for men and women to cease to respect themselves because they have fallen into tribulation, or as if they could respect themselves the more because they insist on a strictly business transaction which, as a business transaction, is simply an impudent swindle. But just as it is difficult in political economy to teach people that money is only a commodity like another, so it is to persuade them to look at it in a frank and sensible way in ordinary social dealings.

THE STRANGULATION OF FEMALES.

SHOULD a distant posterity happen to take sufficient interest in the present generation to care to estimate the value and bearings of some of its characteristic modes of thought, it will probably distinguish us as belonging to the hysterico-sentimental period. Just as there have been ages of stone and of bronze, ages of lawless violence and callous cruelty, so the present is an age of vapours and smelling-bottles. Whether it arises from the abuse of stimulants, tea, or tobacco, the spread of evangelical principles, or the repeal of the corn laws it is difficult to say, but it is beyond question that a large section of the English public are getting to find the facts and realities of life almost too much for them. Physical pain and its associations are what they cannot witness with patience. Moral evil and misery they no doubt very properly deplore, and will help to remove by fitting remedial measures when occasion serves; but moral evil and misery are after all endurable—one can easily contemplate them without a smelling-bottle. An utterly debased and wicked man or woman is an unpleasant spectacle no doubt to these persons, but there is nothing ghastly or repelling about them, as there is about a cut throat or a mangled corpse. It really would seem that to many persons the sight of a mashed head or a bleeding nose were much more trying than the presence of intense wickedness and moral depravity. A thoroughly debased and polluted mind offends them no doubt, but not nearly so much as a raw and gory abrasion of the epidermis. A clean plump garrotter in a model prison is not, to their outward sense, a wholly unpleasant spectacle. He most likely does not smell offensively, and his skin presents a perfectly smooth and unbroken surface. But when they read that the ruffian's back has been well lacerated with a cat-o-nine-tails, they shudder and creep all over. They can see nothing and think of nothing but the bruised and livid flesh. They will not hear a word you have to say. Tell them that the criminal was a cowardly and cruel brute, on whom nothing but flogging could make an impression, they will tell you that you are not much better if you can apologize for such a return to barbarous methods of punishment. It is the same with capital punishment. Their minds are so engrossed by the thought of a deliberate infliction of death, they realize so clearly the dreadful position of the condemned criminal, that they have no thought or interest left for anything else—for the murderer's victim, for instance, or the well-being of society. The dangling corpse is all that they look at.

Reflections more or less similar to the above are inevitably forced upon one on reading of the motion which Mr. William Ewart shortly intends—or at any rate, till the division of last Monday night, did intend—to bring before the notice of the House of Commons. When the Government Bill on Capital Punishment comes down from the Upper House, Mr. Ewart, we are informed, will “move the total abolition of the capital punishment of females;” and a paper has been circulated containing what we suppose must be called the reasons for this proposal. There is a class of persons who consider the odious and disgusting term “females” much more fitting and graceful than the honourable and simple appellation of “women,” and the writer of this eloquent appeal is apparently one of them. The matter is not very important, and at most is but a question of taste; but it is noticeable that the tendency to use the former, rather than the latter, expression generally accompanies a certain unctuous medico-maudlin view of women and their social position. However, we proceed to what are called the reasons for which Mr. Ewart, or his ally, objects to women being hanged. We beg his pardon, he carefully avoids using such vulgar and straightforward phraseology. What he objects to is “the peculiarly disgusting and revolting nature of the cold-blooded strangulation of females in a Christian country.” Beautiful and subtle is the choice of nouns and epithets in this admirable sentence. Talk about the hanging of women, the capital punishment of women, and you use phrases which time and habit have deprived of any specially sinister and revolting character. But translate them into “the cold-blooded strangulation of females in a Christian country,” and not only do you feel you are a master of language, but you at once impart to an old practice the new and desired flavour of obloquy and odium which it is your wish it should have. Why, indeed, the strangulation of females in a Christian country, or, in less ornate language, the execution of murderesses in a country which professes to retain a belief in the Decalogue, should be considered especially disgusting, it is not easy at first sight to discover. Neither does one see why a country which is ready to shake with fury at even a threatened infringement of the Fourth Commandment should be guilty of something peculiarly revolting for not coolly ignoring and disobeying the Commandment which stands next but one to it. But on maturer reflection one is sensible that any little difficulty of this sort only arises from a cold-blooded attention to logic and principles which, in such a conjunction, is quite out of place. For purposes of rhetoric and claptrap nothing could be better or more artful than the sentence as it is. The close juxtaposition of such words as “cold-blooded strangulation” with “Christian country” is in the highest and most finished style of this sort of writing. Cold-blooded is always a good word to bring in if you can; it suggests a host of dark, shadowy, treacherous, and cruel things; it falls sharp, cold, and cutting on the ear, as a razor does on the palm of the hand. Strangulation, again, is a most happy substitute for hanging. Hanging is a common word, which is often applied to quite innocent practices. Beef and pictures are hung, and even young

men are occasionally said to hang out in such or such a locality. The word has therefore got a respectability of association about it which is very objectionable. Strangulation, on the contrary, is redolent of pain and horror. It makes you almost instinctively clutch at your throat gear; it brings well before you a gradual closing of the windpipe, and reminds you of your last boat or hurdle race, when you nearly fainted; or, if you are an elderly lady of either sex, and never either rowed or ran in a race, of your foolish attempt to reach the cross of St. Paul's or to catch a late train. Last, but not least, of all, we come to the telling anti-climax at the end—“a Christian country.” The transition is abrupt, dazzling, but admirable. It is like passing quickly from the gripe of a garrotter to the soft sweet ministrations of a Sister of Mercy. We feel all the abominations of strangulation with tenfold force after the gentle cadence of a “Christian country” has fallen on the ears. Horrible! to be strangled in cold blood with the religion of love all around you. To be a “female,” above all, and go through this. It must be candidly admitted that your true sentimentalist, when he is a rhetorician, is a power which it is well not to despise. In the present case his triumph is of no mean order. Nor is that triumph in the least marred by the fact—probably well known to him—namely, that criminals, when they are hung, not one time in fifty die by suffocation, but by broken neck.

We cannot suppose that, with such an artist, fatigue or incapacity prevented him from giving us more in the same vein had he been so disposed. But at this point, doubtless for good and weighty reasons, he leaves the sentimental for what we venture to call the medico-maudlin style of oratory, and speaks of “the peculiar liability of women to influences of sudden, unexpected, or previously latent violent insanity, arising from puerperal causes, or other sexual and physiological conditions.” It is not quite clear whether we are intended to infer from this that, all women being more or less mad, or more or less ready to go mad, murder with them at all times is scarcely an offence, or at most, a venial one; or whether their liability to insanity is so frequent and imminent that it is not safe to hang even an apparently sane woman, as at any moment between trial and execution she may go mad from “sexual conditions.” Whether the non-murderous portion of the female public will like to see the immunity of their sex from the scaffold rested on the ground of their all but universal insanity, we cannot undertake to say; and we are the less inclined to inquire, inasmuch as the whole sentence is a clumsy array of misstatements and fallacies. It is utterly untrue that women are peculiarly liable to insanity as compared with men. The relative proportion varies in different countries in the most surprising manner. Thus in France, according to the high authority of M. Esquirol (quoted in Dr. Copland's *Dictionary of Medicine*, art. “Insanity”), the proportion of insane females to insane males is as 14 to 11. On the other hand, in the North of Europe, in Germany, Denmark, Norway, and Russia, the males have the larger ratio, and are to the insane females as 3 to 2; while in some of the States of North America, as New York, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut, insane men stand, as compared with insane women, in the frightful proportion of 2 to 1. Taking these great variations into account, M. Esquirol computes that, for the civilized world, “the general proportion of insane males to insane females is about 37 to 38,” which certainly implies that women on the average are slightly more apt to go mad than men, but also gives a result quite at variance with the statement delivered in the pompous jargon we have quoted above.

The medico-maudlin vein continues through several paragraphs, filling nearly half a column of a daily paper. We are told of the tragic case of Charlotte Harris, who was sentenced to death at the Somerset Assizes in 1849, but subsequently found pregnant and respited on that account. After she had given birth to a child, it appears that the old-fashioned and biblical custom of taking life for life, of hanging murderesses—or, as this writer would say, of strangling females—was on the point of being observed conformably with the laws of the land. Whereupon “nearly forty thousand women appealed to the Queen in a memorial for mercy,” and “the fatal sentence was commuted.” There is a precedent! Forty thousand women—we are not told whether they were washerwomen or coryphæes or Quakeresses—take it into their heads to feel very tearful and tender over a particular prisoner found guilty of murder. What is it that impels these forty thousand women to the foot of the Throne, pleading for mercy for this especial murderess? Is it that they doubt her guilt, that there are extenuating circumstances about her crime which render her execution of questionable justice? Not a bit of it. They are impelled simply by this consideration, that the young woman in question having, luckily for her, got into an interesting situation at the time or soon after she committed the murder, to hang her, they think, at such a moment would be very harsh and unfeeling. Think of that odious monster the hangman coming, like a black demon of the pit, to disturb and destroy that sweet picture of a mother and her child as she smiles on the little innocent with her soft murderous eyes, or tickles its dimpled chin with her interesting homicidal fingers. Poor thing! what must her feelings be? But if one might, in the presence of such a charming group, think of other persons and things besides the fascinating murderess, is not this general *carte blanche* given to pregnant women to commit murder without paying the legal, and, we may add, biblical penalty, at least questionable as a piece of policy, if not as a piece of sentiment? Pregnant women are apt to be capricious and uncertain even as it is; but if they know that, do what they will,

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they will never be hanged for it, may not that have a bad effect on them, especially considering their liability "to sudden, unexpected, or previously latent violent insanity"?

But it appears that it is "an anomaly in the administration of the law that whilst women capitally condemned are thus commuted if found pregnant after sentence, yet, if found pregnant before sentence, they may be detained from trial till after childbirth, and then hanged." And this frightful event did happen, and not long ago either. "Alice Holt was, in June 1863, committed for trial for murder. Being found pregnant, her trial was postponed till the winter assizes. In the interval she was delivered of a child. She was then tried, sentenced, and finally hanged, notwithstanding earnest local petitions to the contrary." This is calm and pensive, but it would not do to leave off here; something weird and sensational is wanted to finish up with. And this of course is to be found in the "scene on the scaffold," which it can surprise no one to hear was "unusually distressing." "The wretched woman, weak and faint, was kept several minutes waiting for the drop to fall, owing to some difficulty with the bolt. Meanwhile her cries to the hangman to 'Make haste' excited the pity and sympathy of the crowd who had come to witness the revolting spectacle." We wish this sentence could be carefully embalmed and preserved for the perusal of a distant posterity. The unmitigated horror, the shrinking agony of soul, with which it contemplates death, are very curious. Death in any form, it is implied, or for any cause, is simply loathsome, abominable, sickening. For the rest, many a martyr has had his fiery passion narrated with less gushing sympathy than certain modern Britons are ready to lavish on Alice Holt the murderess. And as things disgusting and revolting in a Christian country have been mentioned, we take leave to assert that this is one of them. After this, the medico-maudlin vein becomes, like Mr. Pecksniff, positively rampant. We care not to follow the discussions and curious inquiries conducted "by a jury of twelve matrons." We are often reminded of certain scenes in *La Pucelle* at this part of the argument. Neither are we altogether surprised at this accidental likeness.

MENTAL RIPENESS.

IT is a matter of very common observation that men are wont to give up their game of life too easily, or, to put it in another way, to lower their aims and choose the less worthy prizes after an insufficient essay to reach the higher objects which at first, and justly, they thought best worth having. They are too willing to think that their character has crystallized, that they have somehow found their way into a groove which their age and circumstances forbid them to exchange for another. In this sense men are always inclined to fancy themselves older than they are, and every year is, not without a certain feeling of relief, made to count for two. A man of five-and-thirty, looking at the chances of his animal life, commonly takes a cheerful and expansive view of the future in that respect, but if you discourse to him upon higher moral purpose, wider intellectual sympathies, new and varied pursuits, he replies as if the book of his life were instantly on the point of being sealed and made up. The opportunity of adding new pages he holds to be for ever vanished. He sighs, "*Ah, si jeunesse savait*," and tacitly surrenders his earlier aspirations, content, as he says, to renew them in his children, or forced, as he thinks, by compulsion of circumstance, to bend his mind to the grosser but more urgent needs of daily life, and so to allow the old flame to go flickering out. Even upon uncultivated persons the conviction has a very evil influence, that it is too late to take any trouble about extending the mental outlook any time after the first days of youth. But it is among the comparatively few cultivated people that the mischief is greatest of supposing that one has got too far on in life, too firmly set in certain paths, to make any change, or to attempt new courses. Those whose aspirations would be most likely to run in a direction that would instruct and delight their fellows are just those whom indolence or diffidence constantly tempts to think themselves too old to make any deliberate effort to realize their dreams. And friends not seldom fancy they are playing the friendliest part by pouring into a man's ear warnings that the cobbler should stick to his last, that by attempting too much he will do nothing, that what might have been well if begun early cannot be other than ill when begun later, with a thousand other terse and specious forms of the doctrine—which may be good in matters of belief, but is certainly not good in matters of conduct—that you should never interfere with a quiet *status quo*. One would suppose that youth was not only the seed-time, but the chief season for harvest as well, and that, as far as ideas and hopes are concerned, there is no more growth, no further ripening and mellowing. We often discover this gross fallacy in talk about literature, and especially about the more imaginative kinds of literature. The common theory among superficial persons appears to be that the mind gets a distinct set, or ply, or twist in youth, and that in this nature means it to stay. Choose your subject or your line, they say, as early as you can, and then let nothing divert you from its single pursuit; just for all the world as if expanding and enriching and proving one's mind were like keeping a retail shop, or making a fortune as a huckster. The gradual development of the tastes, the slow growth of those intellectual preferences which are sure to come in every character that has any original fertility and is wisely tended, are processes for which little allowance is

made, either by the individual who is eager for the result, or by the world at large, which not unnaturally concerns itself with results only, and scarcely at all with the silent ways and invisible means. This slow-climbing patience is particularly hard and unwelcome, because the necessity for it comes fresh upon men after the easy golden visions of youth. Inexperience serves to spread a luminous haze over the future, through which all seems bright and delightfully accessible, and then, when it is proved that the haze concealed, not grassy slopes, but rocky and toilsome heights, patience becomes doubly and trebly hard to practise. The poet, in the prologue to *Faust*, looks back with desire upon the times when he was "still forming," when he had "nothing and yet enough; the longing after truth and the pleasure in delusion." As the friendly Merryman reprovingly reminds him, youth is very well in dealing with foes, or "when the loveliest of lasses cling with ardour round your neck"; "but to strike the familiar lyre with spirit and grace, to sweep along with happy wanderings towards a self-appointed aim—such is the task your ripened age imposes."

Literature, like much else, suffers heavily at the present day from the excess of haste to reach certain ends. The modern theory of ripened age is that it is the time to sit down and enjoy the fruits that have been earned by the crude labours of immature years. The days of long schooling and assiduous preparation are for the present at an end, except in rare cases. Most of the poets of the rising generation, for instance, and most of the novelists of the generation that is, are afraid of their imagination fading away before they have had time to make the most of it; or else they feel confident that, if they were to study history or philosophy, or anything else that demands close attention, they would be quenching their inventive faculty. The imagination, it seems, will only thrive amid the ruins of reason and judgment, and in the nourishing air of ignorance, which, elsewhere so pestilent, is here oddly enough supposed to be salubrious. Instead of being content with the ordinary laws of intellectual as of other kinds of growth—first the leaf, then the blossom, then the fruit—these over-hasty souls insist on bursting into full fruitage at their first impulse. Suppose they fail a little; suppose what they vow to be the richest and ripest the world finds only "berries harsh and crude," then it is the world that falls into disgrace. The fault is with the world that so shamefully insists on knowing nothing of its greatest men, and not at all with the too ambitious creatures who insist on writing and painting things before they have had any time either to weigh the things that are best worth writing and painting, or to grasp the mastery of all the many ingredients that enter into good workmanship. Wiser than these, but still unwise, are those others who, though shrewd enough to perceive that patience and silence and long culture are the invariable antecedents of the best work, too recklessly conclude that they do not possess the native capacity for patience, and that this is a capacity which a man with the cares of the world upon him cannot expect to acquire. Men judiciously think that a recognition of the difficulties which stand in the way of an achievement is the first condition of overcoming them. So it is, provided a man does not recognise them with such graphic and striking force as to be disheartened from attempting the achievement altogether. A weak diffidence has done the world as much harm as a rash confidence, and these are the two points between which an unseasoned mind is apt to wander, doing nothing except hoping alternately too much and too little, feeling itself too great and too small.

The patience which ripens the mind and fits it for many interests and great compositions is no inactive waiting for something that will come of itself. Poetry is not, as has been humorously said, secreted in the duodenum. Passive star-gazing, pleasant expectation of the divine afflatus, does not ensure any practical result; and a man may look hard into the fire, or up into the heavens, or keenly round on his kind, or wherever he seeks to woo his own particular muse, without ever getting an idea or an image that is worth the trouble of describing or retaining. A state of slow but never-staying fermentation, in which everything that enters the mind is transformed and assimilated, and which is constantly keeping the mind exercised in the search after new things—this is the condition of those who have escaped an innate lethargy of soul, and who have not allowed the early growths of good seed to be choked by the tares of excessive worldly business. Not that total immunity from this business is by any means a desirable auxiliary to the ripening process. Some of the very best work in the sphere of ideas has been done by men habitually occupied in the sphere of affairs. But the pressure which chokes the finer out-shoots of character is that of the necessities of a dependent family, of a traditional kind of desire to make a great deal of money, of expensive habits which require much merely mercenary labour to pay for them. It is the excess of business carried on under severe pressure of this or any other external kind which is so fatal to a large and serene internal activity. For there is all the difference in the world, in point of general fruitfulness, between this serene activity and a vain fussiness or feverish agitation. This is one reason among many why the earlier part of life is least favourable to all the choicest and highest sorts of artistic production. By serenity we do not mean necessarily happiness or comfort. A man may be serenely miserable, and perhaps this is the mood to which the world is indebted for some of those works which it would least willingly let die. But sorrowful composure is altogether removed alike from the anguish which bites and stings, and from the small cares which vex and fret and worry. In the earlier years this kind of composure is almost

impossible, except in the case of the born prig, whose emotions and passions were all formed and shaped and set in decent order, finally and once for all, before he came into the world. It is not till experience and observation have in a measure rubbed away from things their exciting newness that a man is able to ascend the heights of reflection, and view them all, not with indifference, but without any fiery perturbation or discomposure.

There is one quality which marks in common both a very ripe and a very unripe mind of a certain stamp—a readiness, namely, to turn with elation to all sorts of subjects. But it requires no words to point out the difference between these two forms of versatility. It is not to be discouraged in any case, because a variety of interests, however thin and superficial they may be, is incalculably to be preferred to a lethargic loitering over one dull little bit of ground. Hence the folly of people who pride themselves on a prudence, too charitably so-called, which consists in tethering their interests to some one post, personal or professional, political or theological, and who demand with more or less force that everybody else with whom they think they ought to have influence should confine himself within the same bounds. But the man who has lived long enough, and long enough in the right way, to make himself vigorous on many sides, and agile in many situations, has not been affected by the considerations which weigh decisively with persons who lack the courage, and still more the patience, to let character ripen naturally, without excessive eagerness to force it too rapidly or too narrowly in a given direction, or to stop its growth at a given height. He feels that time and industry and the maintenance of a thoroughly open mind all round are sure to end well, and to give him that deep knowledge of his own strong places which is essential to anything like making the best of himself. If he had been impelled by the hurry of the age, and by ill-advising counsellors, to submit to a process of forcing, he could never have got this knowledge, and his life would have been by so much the more savourless. The consciousness, however, that some of the best work in every department is done by men who ripened late does not prevent him from sighing over the lapse of the years that intervene. Milton, who saw the good of not choosing a subject too soon and of beginning late, could wonder at three-and-twenty whether “some more timely-happy spirits” were riper than his own:—

My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom sheweth.
Perhaps my semblance may deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear.

Industrious waiting will not make Miltons, but it improves the chances.

PROSTITUTION AND THE POLICE.

WE gather from a short paragraph which has been circulated in the daily papers, that some very prudish Association is about to petition Parliament to pass an Act the effect of which will be to make police-constables the judges of female morality in London. As we understand the paragraph, the petitioners ask that policemen shall be empowered to arrest any woman whom they may think they see soliciting men in the streets for the purposes of prostitution. That such a petition is in circulation we think probable enough, though we have no direct knowledge of it. But we know enough of the folly and obstinacy of sets and coteries to recognise their capacity to devise even so foolish and short-sighted a scheme as this. The first thing that strikes us is the universal resort to the police on the part of modern reformers. Is drunkenness to be suppressed? The police are straightway invoked to enforce sobriety. Is it considered desirable to promote the better observance of the Lord's Day among the Hebrew rag-merchants and costermongers of Whitechapel? A Bill is framed arming the police with new powers to compel Jews to keep the Christian Sunday as well as their own Sabbath. And now we hear of a knot of men conspiring to put an end to the great “social evil” of London and all large cities, by investing the police with powers which not one in ten will exercise discreetly, and which at least one in every twenty will exercise with the grossest injustice.

Let us not for the moment be misunderstood by the most acrid of purists. We are ready to join with any one in denouncing the state of the Haymarket and certain other London streets at night. We regard the midnight promenade which flaunts before the glaring gaslights as the one great and emphatic scandal of London. In no other capital of Europe, in no city of the East, is anything so flagrant and so shameful ever seen. Nevertheless we utterly deprecate the interference of the police in the manner indicated by the newspapers. In our opinion, it would not put down the existing evil; while, on the other hand, it would introduce evils less obvious and less startling, but more serious and more dangerous. For, if the existing laws are unable to assure to pedestrians a peaceable and unobstructed walk through the streets of London, the proposed law will hardly be more successful. There is no question that, if any number of men chose to complain of obstruction in the Haymarket, the police would, under the existing law, be obliged to interfere, and the obstruction would be arrested. There is nothing in the proposed law which could serve the purposes of order or morality much better than they are served by the existing law, if the public choose to appeal to it. But the public does not choose to appeal to it, at least not that portion of the public which frequents the Haymarket. And we question whether—so far, at least, as concerns the Haymarket at night—

the public is inclined to appeal to any law. But the law which is now suggested would not be negative in its results. It would be fruitful of the most positive mischiefs. To see this, it is only necessary to consider the nature of the ordinary policeman, and of the new duties which it is suggested should be devolved upon him. He is, for the most part, a man of rather narrow ideas, with strong views of his duties and his privileges, very stubborn in the vindication of his authority, and liberal only in the interpretation of rules on the side of that authority. Imagine such a man invested with the power, first, of judging whether any woman is speaking to any man in the streets for an immoral purpose; next, of arresting her on his own suspicion of her guilt. We are now assuming the case of an ordinarily honest, and not more than ordinarily stupid, policeman. In such a case, no respectable woman could rely on being able to speak to a man in the streets without the risk of being apprehended and hurried off to a police cell. But even this, bad enough as it would be, would not be the worst. There probably are venal men in the police force, as there are venal men elsewhere. It is not difficult to imagine instances of policemen who are not less corrupt than they are hasty or dictatorial. The prospects of female innocence under their régime would not be particularly auspicious. Every woman who did not object to paying black-mail might make any advances she chose to any man she chose, while women who did object to bribing the guardians of street morality might not speak to their own brothers with impunity. In process of time a system of mutual understanding would be established between women more or less incorrect and the police, far more scandalous than anything we see nowadays, whilst respectable and virtuous women would be exposed to the dangers of a legalized oppression.

While we deprecate the proposed scheme as more injurious to morals and to liberty than the law as it exists, we by no means intend to vouch this as unexceptionable. The whole state of the law on this subject is unworthy of the intelligence and civilization of the country. It is because the law is so imperfect that we witness the nightly scenes in the Haymarket, and may witness scenes far more revolting than these in the hospitals. We owe both to our national hypocrisy. We persist in shutting our eyes to things which are daily seen, and our consciousness to things which are fully well known. What we all know in some degree individually, the country in the aggregate pretends not to know. Prostitution is carried on as a trade, but is ignored as a trade by magistrates and police. Nor would the projected Bill make any difference in this respect. The action of the police, under its provisions, would be necessarily arbitrary, capricious, uncertain, guided by no fixed principles, and obnoxious equally to the charges of partial cruelty and partial connivance. The women against whom its visitations would be directed would not necessarily be either the worst prostitutes, nor, indeed, prostitutes at all. The most corrupt collusion with the most open immorality might go hand in hand with the most tyrannical invasion of personal liberty. Any virtuous woman speaking to a man might be taken into custody, while any strumpet plying her trade might go free. A law which proposes to punish certain offenders must be specific in defining the offenders and the offence. It is simply because we have no categorical specification of this class of offenders that London is the nightly theatre of scenes which astound and horrify the citizens of Paris, Vienna, and Berlin. And these scenes and this scandal will continue so long as the subordinate ministers of the law have no guide but their own judgments and inferences by which to estimate the conduct and character of women they see in the public streets.

There is, so far as we can see, no remedy for this state of things but the subjection of all women plying the trade of prostitutes to the direct action of a special law. Let them be recognised, and let the infraction of the conditions on which they are recognised be followed by definite penalties. And let those conditions provide equally for the public health and for public decorum. Let the hours assigned for the appearance of the women in the streets be restricted, and let the mode and character of their appearance be regulated. It is useless to cite the commonplaces of Puritanical prudery against an innovation of which the worst that can be said is that it is of foreign origin. It is the only remedy for the greatest social scandal of the age and country. The only alternatives to its application are to let things alone, or to admit a capricious, unprincipled, and irregular interference with the liberty of every man and woman, however irreproachable. It is no valid argument against this plan that it will not suppress the illicit intercourse of the sexes. It cannot do this. It is not intended to do this. No scheme can do this. Every effort to crush out immorality by force recoils with fearful rebound on the heads of its well-intentioned authors. One devil is cast out, only to make way for his return with other devils as bad as himself; to wit, falsehood, fraud, simulation, and corruption. If an acute and observant man had time to examine all the consequences which have resulted from the suppression of “disorderly houses” in many parts of London, he would not perhaps congratulate himself on the gain which has accrued to private morality or the peace of families. What is immediately wanted is, not the extirpation of immorality, but the suppression of an insolent indecency. We do not call in the police to make men and women virtuous, but to make them respect decorum and the feelings of others. We cannot, by police regulations, cauterize the most subtle of social diseases, but we can keep the ulcerous plague-spot from offensively obtruding itself on our senses.

We speak of decency and decorum as the proposed objects of a

better law. But, valuable as they are, they are not the only nor even the most urgent objects. There is, above all, the health of our men and women. This is far too momentous a question to be dismissed with an affectation of decent horror or respectable disgust. It is identified with every question of healthy bodies and healthy minds of more than one generation. When one bears in mind the ordinary medical hypotheses respecting the prolonged effects of the subtlest of poisons, when one sees the shifts and straits to which unhappy victims are reduced by the wicked ingenuity of quacks and charlatans, when one reads of the insidious maladies which fear or shyness or shame allows to lurk in the system of the sufferer for years, and to transmit an hereditary taint to his posterity—we do think the time has come when something more efficacious should be done than to preach sermons on moral purity, and invoke the irregular interference of indiscriminating constables. If people would only recollect that the sufferings entailed by the species of immorality of which we speak are not confined to the unfortunate sinners themselves, but are diffused, in various forms of malady, among their unoffending sons and daughters, and colour the lives of distant generations, they might bring themselves to believe that it would not be such a heinous crime if Parliament were to legislate for London and other large cities as it has legislated for the army and navy, and as it has allowed the Universities to legislate for the protection of their own members. We have never heard that the wrath of Heaven has visited the tardy attempt to save our soldiers and sailors from habitual decimation, or that graduates are more wedded to vice than other men because they have been specially protected from its worst physical consequences in their youth.

THE RUSSIAN VICTORY IN CENTRAL ASIA.

THE *Times* last week, in possession of a piece of important news, contrived to make a mess of it in characteristic fashion. The time is long since past when authoritative announcements in the *Times* were to be received implicitly. We are forced to apply the ordinary critical tests, and the result in this instance was to give the story a very dubious air. The Russians, we were told, had gained a great victory in Central Asia. A Bokharian army of 40,000 men and 21 guns had been routed on the 20th of May last, with the loss of 1,000 men killed, and all but two guns. In these facts themselves there was nothing improbable, for the Russians were known to be at war with Bokhara, and we were awaiting the news of the revenge they had taken for a serious check they had sustained. But the *Times* proceeded to tell us that the battle resembled Plassy, which first gave England a firm footing in India. This victory, it was surmised, would give Central Asia to Russia, and very likely all the country intervening between her advanced posts and Peshawur. Unfortunately for the parallel, the Russians do not need to obtain a firm hold of Central Asia. They have got the larger part of it already, reduced surely enough under their dominion. Nor is this the first great battle they have fought to secure or increase their ascendancy. At Alkmetshet fourteen years ago, and during the last two years in capturing Turkestan, Aulietta, Tchekmekst, and above all Tashkent, a fortified city of 100,000 inhabitants, they have performed exploits of no little magnitude. The new victory therefore is not, like Plassy, the beginning of a series. In assimilating it to Plassy, the writer only gave a strong indication of his ignorance of the subject to which the news related. There was an error in detail again of some significance—the substitution of Nemoofsky for Romanofsky, as the name of the Russian General. The writer, it was clear, could have no previous knowledge to enable him to test a false report. The crowning blunder was to treat the battle as having been fought in Bokhara, as giving the Russians possession of the whole of that State, including the capital. From the previously-reported positions of the Russian troops, it was quite impossible that they could have been in the capital of Bokhara on the date mentioned. Considering how the *Times* swallowed the *canard* of a Russian defeat last year about this very time, the conclusion from all these errors was a very natural one, that there had been another gross mistake.

As usual, the leading journal did not shrink from the boldest argument on the misapprehended news. On the supposition that the victory virtually gave Bokhara to Russia, and would bring her in a year or two to the gates of India, the writer proceeded to allay alarms which he declared at the same time not to exist. The burden of his parable was that we need be under no apprehension of an invasion of India; we should remain in our strong positions on the Indus; beyond our territory all was wilderness, and we should not march into the wilderness to meet the enemy we expected to attack us. Such an enterprise as that would be characterized as “unfathomable.” Another argument against foolish fears was that the Russians had but a weak hold of their Tartar acquisitions; “we” knew little of what they had done to organize their conquests, but were quite sure that Turkestan was not as firmly a province of Russia as the Punjab was of India. All this is very absurd. As no one is alarmed about an invasion of India, there is no use writing down alarms. Every one is confident that India is strong enough by itself to fight, if need be, against the whole power of Russia concentrated on the North-Western frontier. But it does not follow, because we need not be alarmed, that the news of the Russian advance should give us no concern. The neighbourhood of Russia may be mischievous enough

without giving us cause to fear for the safety of India. If we had no military Powers in Europe with great armies constantly on a war footing, we should keep fewer soldiers in England and might dispense with our Volunteers. Nor will India, with a powerful military neighbour on the frontier, escape the necessity of arming, as she is not armed at present. In a time of great peril like the Indian Mutiny, it might be very awkward for us to have such a neighbour, willing to encourage rebels, and furnishing them a rallying point. As to advancing beyond our present boundary, it may possibly be our interest not to do so, but to let Russia unmolested occupy the intervening country. Those, however, who urge an advance to keep Russia further off from our strongholds, should not be described as the advocates of an “unfathomable” enterprise. In spite of its disasters, the Afghan expedition twenty-five years ago showed that, with ordinary prudence, we could even then safely occupy Afghanistan, although it was several hundred miles from our frontier, and we required to transport our army through the territory of allies. The occupation would now be an easy promenade, when we possess within our own boundaries more than one of the gates into the kingdom. Indeed, looking at the fertility of the country and the little resistance we could meet with, it should be a matter of no difficulty to march a moderate force from Peshawur and the valley of the Indus to the shores of the Caspian and Aral Seas, and defend against all comers the lines of communication. There is yet no need for any such movement, but it is not unlikely, if Russia seizes Bokhara and the valley of the Amu-Daria, that a counter move may be thought necessary to give us some hold on Central Asia, in order to make Russian armaments in Tartary a matter of little consequence to India. Contrary to the supposition of the *Times*, we do know that Russia is very quickly organizing her acquisitions. Turkestan is most thoroughly a Russian province. The nomad tribes are being induced to settle and cultivate the soil; roads and communications are being improved; steamers are being launched on the lakes and rivers, and coal mines opened to supply them with fuel; wells are being dug on the routes across the desert. A few years must see Turkestan enormously richer in resources, and in the facilities for transporting men, material, and provisions from place to place. We witnessed last autumn how quickly Russia could hurry reinforcements from Orenburg and the Caucasus to her detachments at Tashkent. With the Amu-Daria in her possession, she could accomplish a similar concentration of her troops at a point about 100 miles distant from Cabul. It would only be a question of time and convenience to assemble on our North-Western frontier a European army of a hundred thousand men and more, completely organized and equipped, and supported by swarms of irregular cavalry.

The form in which the news came was as dubious as it could be, but it happened that there was a good foundation for the report, which has appeared in the *Invalido Russe*. An important battle did occur on the 20th of May, and an important victory was gained by the Russians, though it was not fought in the neighbourhood which had been supposed, and does not involve all the results described. Its importance, we find, lies in the fact that, after a delay of three months, the Russians have acquired sufficient strength to revenge their check at Djouzak and their enforced withdrawal from the invasion of Bokhara, which we described a few weeks ago. They can now begin at the point where they were forced to leave off in February. The situation is that they have got almost entire possession of the valley of the Syr-Daria, one of the two great affluents of the Sea of Aral on the east, but they have not yet successfully emerged from the valley to seize the oasis of Bokhara which lies southward in the valley of the Amu-Daria, the other great affluent of that lake. This victory may perhaps enable them to do so. What they did in February last, it will be remembered, was to move from Tashkent in order to capture Samarcand, the nearest large town in the oasis, though nearly two hundred miles distant; but at Djouzak, forty miles from their intended point, and on the frontier of the enemy's country, they were checked by his troops, and obliged to retreat. They retreated as far as the Syr-Daria, where they encamped on the left or southern bank, having also a smaller camp on the right bank; so that they were à cheval of the river, fully covering Tashkent and the surrounding district from which it was provisioned, and at the same time having a footing across the river, which would enable them when reinforced to resume the offensive against Bokhara. But three months passed by before they gained sufficient strength for that purpose. The Bokharians came up early in March and posted their advanced guard, which was also their main army, about twenty-five miles higher up the river than the Russian camp, forming at the same time a connection with the forces of Kokan which were on the right bank. All through the month of March and down to the middle of April the Russians were subjected to the annoyance of the enemy's skirmishers and marauding parties; but at the end of that time they effected a reconnaissance in force, which revealed the locality of the army of Bokhara—the vanguard being posted in the river valley near a place called Idjar, and another body at Oratepe, about twenty miles to the rear on the road from Djouzak. This is the last date to which we have detailed accounts; but the battle now reported, we are told, took place near Idjar, and was provoked by a rash offensive movement made by the Emir against the Russian camp. The Russians, therefore, were not quite ready when it took place for another invasion of Bokhara, though their prospects must now be greatly changed. From the main facts reported, the completeness of the victory is evident. The army of Bokhara was not only routed with the

loss already stated, but fled as far as Djouzak, nearly eighty miles southward, being unable to rally on the rear-guard at Oratepe. Two immense camps—we presume the camps at Idjar and Oratepe—with all the baggage, also fell into the hands of the Russians, and only a wreck of the enemy with two guns arrived at Djouzak. If a thousand dead were left by the fugitive army on the field, the battle must have been most disastrous to the Bokharians. Although not the first in a series of great triumphs, it is in some respects the greatest triumph yet obtained by Russia in those regions. The great military successes hitherto achieved have been the capture of strong fortified positions, defended by large garrisons, and a good supply of artillery. Such were Tchekest and Taschkent, the very important conquests of last year and the year before. What distinguishes the present victory is, that the contest was with the largest organized force yet met in the open field, and has been followed up by a more effective pursuit. For this the Russians are indebted to the large reinforcements which have been sent into Tartary within the last twelve months, enabling the generals not only to hold their own and advance a small force by skilful *coups de main* from one strong post to another, but to strike a crushing blow, dramatic in its effects, and paralysing for a time all further resistance.

If the victory had been gained at Samarcand, or between Samarcand and Bokhara, it would undoubtedly have sealed the fate of the Tartar State. But the Bokharians on the Syr-Daria were far from their base and beyond the limits of their own territory, and they may have time to collect troops for new resistance after the Russians resume their march of invasion. Djouzak was the first halting-place of the routed army, and they may resist there as they resisted before. Samarcand at any rate, a holy city, if not the holy city of Tartary, is sure to be defended to the uttermost. An Eastern army, though easily routed and dissolved, is also easily collected, and probably the Bokharians will have faced the Russians at Djouzak or Samarcand, if the pursuit was continued, in undiminished numbers. It is a holy war that has been preached, and Mahomedans are not deterred from fighting even by the hopelessness of their cause. It is probable enough, however, that the pursuit as far as Samarcand was not immediate. The march, as was experienced in February, is highly dangerous, owing to the barrenness of the road. The larger the army, the greater the quantity of provisions to be conveyed; and a huge cavalcade is not to be marched through a comparative wilderness, roamed over by the enemy's horsemen, without many precautions. The Russians, who were on the defensive before the battle, may not even have prepared for the contingency of such a march being made at once possible. The Kokanians, from whom the victory separated the Bokharians, remained nevertheless on the Russian left flank, and would have to be taken care of. It is safe to say that the Russians, even after their victory, had a formidable task before them if they attempted the conquest of Bokhara. The distance to be traversed before reaching its capital, and its large area, are facts which the victory in no way changed. And it is just possible that they may not have needed to advance. The ostensible cause of the present hostilities is the detention of a Russian envoy by the Emir of Bokhara, and the defeat may have humbled the Emir to the point of surrendering his victim for the sake of peace. Immediate conquest does not appear to be sought by Russia, though it might not be very unwelcome, and the submission of the Emir would no doubt be accepted. All depends on the question whether the enthusiasts who preached the holy war will permit him to submit to the infidel. In any case, it is obviously premature to write of the Russians as already "masters of Bokhara." If the Emir continues obstinate, it is probable that they will be in the course of the present summer, but not before other important battles have taken place, and some wild efforts made by the last and greatest Tartar State, the relic of ancient Tartar empire, to retain its independence.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE COMMISSION.

THE Cattle Plague Commission have presented a third and final Report, with an Appendix which, unlike too many blue-books, contains a vast amount of useful and interesting information. The Commission seem to have commenced their task by laying down a general plan or scheme for investigating the nature of the pestilence, comprising all those points on which it was necessary to acquire information; and then, relying on the advantages likely to result from a division of labour, they assigned each subject to a special investigator. In such an investigation everything of course depended on the abilities of those engaged in the work, and on the sufficiency of the materials placed at their disposal. Of materials there could be no lack, and certainly the Commission have been fortunate in the selection of those to whom they committed the several subjects of inquiry. The result is a mass of most valuable information, which tells us not only more of the cattle plague than was ever known before even in those Continental regions which are almost abiding seats of the pestilence, but which throws much light on many essential points relating to the diseases of the human species.

Before noticing the contents of this Report, it may be well to recall a few facts connected with the duration and spread of the pestilence. It will be remembered that the first recognised cases occurred in certain London cowsheds at the close of last June, and from thence the disease has spread through every county in

England excepting two—namely, Westmoreland and Monmouthshire; whilst out of the twelve Welsh counties only two—namely, Flintshire and Denbighshire—have been attacked. In Scotland, ten counties have remained free from the disease, whilst twenty-two have suffered more or less severely. The unequal severity of the scourge in several even adjoining counties is remarkable. For example, take Lancashire and Cheshire. Lancashire, according to the recent Cattle Census, obtained at the request of this Commission, contained 202,552 head of stock, of which 5,507 only have been attacked on 869 farms; whilst Cheshire, which possessed but 93,044 head of cattle, had 64,726 attacked on 5,092 farms. In Scotland the like inequality has been observed. Perthshire is stated to possess 66,150 bovine animals, of which 6,615 were attacked on 554 farms, whilst amongst only 28,645 head in Forfarshire there were 13,115 attacks on 1,051 farms. The whole number of animals attacked in Great Britain to the end of May would seem to be 246,642, of which 32,373 have recovered, leaving the rest dead and unaccounted for. To this enumeration must be added 51,072 animals slaughtered in a healthy condition. It is believed that these official numbers are far short of the actual facts. This inference is confirmed by a comparison of the local returns from Cheshire with those issued for corresponding dates by the Veterinary Department of the Privy Council. The local returns state that 86,687 animals have been attacked by the disease in that county, and that 39,441 have died; the Government returns give the number of attacks as 63,954, and the deaths as 32,680. It is impossible to reconcile this discrepancy, and it is only worthy of notice as a proof that the losses by the pestilence are considerably beyond the numbers stated in the very formal and very accurate-looking returns weekly issued. Estimating then, by all the evidence before us, the losses by the cattle plague within the first year of its visitation, we shall not be far wrong in assuming 300,000 as the number of animals which have died or been killed, and, taking their value at a former estimate, which has been generally followed, of 10s. per head, we have to lament a loss to the country of 3,000,000. sterling. The preceding estimate of money loss is, however, as we have often said, far short of the actual loss, and it but faintly represents the amount of individual misery and suffering which the pestilence has brought with it. How much of this might have been spared us had the counsel offered by the Commission in October last been followed! To the eventual adoption of that counsel we undoubtedly owe the greatly diminished proportions which the disease has now assumed.

From this brief summary of the effects of the pestilence amongst our herds, we may pass to the consideration of the nature of the disease itself as told us in the Commissioners' Report. It seems placed beyond doubt that cattle plague is a specific eruptive fever analogous to scarlet fever, measles, or small-pox in man, and bearing a closer resemblance perhaps to small-pox than to any other of these eruptive fevers, but differing from it in some particulars. It is equally certain, as shown by Doctor Murchison in an able report published in the Appendix, that this disease is neither typhus nor typhoid fever, as it has been supposed to be by some Continental and English observers. The symptoms are peculiar and distinctive, so much so indeed that when a doubt or difficulty is said to exist in determining the nature of an outbreak of disease, as in Ireland recently, one cannot help feeling that the difficulty is in the incompetence of the observer, and not in the insufficiency of the evidence he has to deal with. Amongst the symptoms one of the earliest and most important is an increase of animal heat. The Report tells us that—

Within a period ranging from 36 to 48 hours after an animal has taken the cattle plague by inoculation the natural temperature rises from 102° Fahr., or a little above, to 104° or even to 105°. This occurs at a time when the animal appears to be in no way ill. The disease can thus be detected at least two days earlier than has been hitherto believed, and the duration assigned to the incubative period must be reduced by that time.

Two days after the perceptible rise of temperature has begun, a peculiar condition of, or eruption on, the lining membrane of the mouth appears. It resembles at first sight the appearance in the foot and mouth disease, but can readily be distinguished from it by a practised eye. Almost simultaneously there occurs a very distinctive appearance on other portions of the exposed mucous membrane. It appears that one or other of these signs is very rarely absent; so that when they are taken in connection with the elevation of temperature, the diagnosis of the disease can be made with certainty.

On the day following, or about 72 hours after the first elevation of temperature, the animal may be observed to be a little ill, to have less appetite than usual, and to ruminate irregularly. On the next day, the animal for the first time shows marked symptoms of illness, and this period, which may be 110 hours after the real commencement, is usually considered by superficial observers as the beginning of the disease.

The seriousness of such an oversight is obvious, not only on account of the great importance of the earliest possible separation and isolation, but in regard to treatment. The very earliest recognition of the disease is essential, if a remedy is to be discovered, for it is within the first four days that any remedy is most likely to be efficacious.

After the fourth day is over the constitution is thoroughly invaded. Then ensue the urgent symptoms—the drooping head, the hanging ears, the distressed look, the falling pulse, the oppressed breathing, the discharge from the eyes, nose, and mouth, the eruption of the skin, the fetid breath, and the other well-known signs of the disease.

During the sixth day there occurs a great diminution of the contractile force of the heart and voluntary muscles, the pulse becomes very feeble and thready, the respiratory movements are modified, and the animal sometimes shows such weakness in the limbs, that it has even been thought that some special paralytic affection of the spinal nerves must exist. The temperature now rapidly falls, and signs of a great diminution in the normal chemical changes in the body appear.

Death usually occurs on the following or seventh day from the first perceptible elevation of temperature.

Although this is given as the typical course of the disease, there are great

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deviations from it, as some animals live a longer, many a much shorter time, and the severity and sequence of the symptoms vary considerably.

The cause of these symptoms is a poison introduced into the body of the healthy animal from one that is diseased. This is certain, though it may be difficult in many cases to trace the mode of its introduction. Once introduced, it increases with extraordinary rapidity:—

The poison contained in a minute portion of the mucous discharge from the eyes and mouth of an animal ill with cattle plague, if placed in the blood of a healthy animal, increases so fast that in less than 48 hours, perhaps in a far shorter time, the whole mass of blood, weighing many pounds, is infected, and every small particle of that blood contains enough poison to give the disease to another animal.

The knowledge thus acquired is of great importance, for it is not less applicable to the diseases of man than it is to those of the lower animals. The credit of this observation, which is fully illustrated in his most admirable Report, belongs to Dr. Sanderson, as in a great measure does that of the increase of temperature to Professor Gamgee. Attempts have been made by chemists and by microscopic observers to isolate and determine the nature of this poison. Dr. Beale more especially has pursued this inquiry, using the highest magnifying powers, and he is led thus to express himself:—"With regard to the nature of the contagium itself, evidence has been adduced to show that it consists of very minute particles of matter in a living state, each capable of growing and multiplying rapidly when placed under favourable conditions; that the rate of growth and multiplication of these minute particles far exceeds that at which the normal germinal matter of the blood and tissues multiplies, and that they appropriate the pabulum of the tissues, and even grow at their expense."

With reference to the origin and propagation of the disease, the Commissioners firmly adhere to the opinion expressed in their first Report, that it was imported from abroad, that it did not arise spontaneously, and that it is propagated solely by contagion; and they add:—

We adhere then to the opinion we formerly expressed, that the true mode of preventing the spread of the cattle plague is to treat it as an entirely contagious disease. We believe this expresses the whole truth; but if it be not so, if some other conditions, of which we know nothing, favour or restrict its spread, this does not remove our obligation to act on what is ascertained with certainty.

The morbid anatomy or the changes effected in the animal's body are most fully described by Dr. Bristowe. The coloured and other illustrations showing the characters of these changes are very striking. The skin and mucous membranes seem to be especially the seat of congestions, ulcerations, and other serious organic changes. The chemical pathology of the disease is treated in an instructive report by Dr. Marcet, whilst the subject of disinfection in its widest extent is investigated most fully by Dr. Angus Smith and Mr. Crookes. The report of the latter gentleman is of special interest, for he seems to have clearly established the fact that sulphurous and carbolic acids, which are both readily applicable to the purposes of disinfection, are perfectly efficient agents. They are supposed to act by their power of destroying the vitality of the poisonous particles emanating from animals in a state of disease. If the Commission have nothing new to tell us on the subject of the treatment of the disease, they indicate very clearly how worthless have been the varied suggestions and attempts at treatment which have been submitted to them, and of which they caused trials to be made. The poison, once introduced into the system, runs its own definite course. It may by the intensity of its action rapidly kill the infected animal. Or a feeble animal may sink rapidly under the influence of a less intense poison. All we can hope to do—and we can do no more in the virulent small-pox or the specific fever of man—is to seek to maintain life by suitable hygienic management till the poison exhausts itself. This point is well illustrated in the Report of the Edinburgh Cattle Plague Committee, of which Dr. Andrew Wood was chairman, by the fact that the large percentage of recoveries in Scotland is shown to be due to the soft cooked nutritious food supplied to the sick and convalescent animals.

With regard to precautions against the future spread of the disease, the Commissioners dwell with satisfaction on the result of the means adopted so tardily, and even yet so inefficiently, which they had recommended in their original Report. In the week preceding the passing of the Cattle Prevention Diseases Act (on February 24th) the number of animals attacked was 13,000. In the week following, the attacks had fallen to 7,310, and they have since decreased steadily week by week, until, in the week ending June 9th, we find them numbering less than 1,000. There can scarcely be a doubt that ere this we should have seen the disease exterminated, had the law been fully and efficiently carried into operation by the slaughter of every diseased animal. A table given in the Report shows that it has not been so. This table, compiled from the weekly returns, extending from March 3rd to April 21, records the fact that 6,039 animals have died, and 6,035 have recovered. Thus a Government department, whose duty it is to see the law carried into operation, openly acknowledges its violation in 12,000 instances in the short space of eight weeks, more than 12,000 animals having been allowed to live on, generating and propagating infection. It is painful to observe, week by week, that the same neglect still occurs, that the disease is allowed to linger on, requiring still the maintenance of restrictions on cattle traffic which are highly inconvenient and injurious, and which could ere this have been removed had the disease been stamped out, as it might have been

long ago. So long as a trace of infection is allowed to remain behind, we shall continue to be liable to local outbreaks which will certainly become more or less diffused. With regard to the prevention of the reintroduction and spread of the disease from abroad, the Commissioners refer to the clear and stringent regulations existing in most European countries for detecting the existence and arresting the dissemination of infectious diseases amongst cattle. They speak especially of the want of well-trained and certificated veterinary surgeons—a want which has been so painfully realized during the last year, and which is strikingly illustrated by the fact that nearly the whole of the work so admirably accomplished under the direction of the Commission has been done by members of the medical profession, and not by veterinary surgeons.

The Commissioners conclude their Report with the following paragraph on the subject of dead-meat markets. It will scarcely bear condensing, so we give it in their own words:—

We believe further, that it is now the time to carry out fully and permanently the changes required in the mode in which meat is supplied to our large towns. Considerable alterations have taken place already, and these have not been attended with the inconvenience which was anticipated. We would gladly see an inquiry instituted without delay, to determine whether slaughter-houses might not be transferred from all our large towns to suburban points on the lines of railway. A few large slaughter-houses, properly arranged on the best principles, and provided with pastures and sheds where the cattle could rest, would take the place of the innumerable ill-kept and ill-tended places which exist in all large towns. The change would eventually benefit alike the customer and the butcher, while the saving of pain and torture to the animals themselves would be immeasurable. The cattle plague has been a great calamity, but it has put a stop, for a time at least, to much that was cruel and pernicious in operation: we trust that this wholesome effect will be lasting, and that it will pave the way for more extensive reforms.

In bringing to a close our notice of the Cattle Plague and the Cattle Plague Commission, we cannot help acknowledging the debt which the country owes to the gentlemen composing that Commission. They undertook a very difficult and a very responsible duty, and they have performed that duty in a manner which must command the highest respect and the sincerest gratitude of the community.

THE HENLEY REGATTA.

THE whole human race may be divided into the two classes of the admirers of cricket and the admirers of rowing. It is true that some persons may cavil at this, as at other philosophical classifications. The description is not quite exhaustive, for there are certain human beings—women, for example, and foreigners—who come properly under neither head. And the classes are not mutually exclusive, for it is possible to pay a divided allegiance, and to worship at once the bat and the oar. But if we make allowance for these minor errors, our assertion remains substantially accurate. We will not attempt to trace back to its origin in the deepest springs of our nature the profound distinction between cricketers and oarsmen. The interminable argument as to whether negroes and the white races are really of the same origin may serve as a warning to those who would plunge into such abstruse investigations; and we certainly have not space to determine whether the devotees of the two arts were originally distinct nationalities whose peculiarities have not been quite merged by the mixture of different races in these islands, or whether their divergence is due to more superficial causes. It is enough to remark the fact of the distinction, and to admit that it is too deep for a perfect reconciliation. However friendly a man may be to the pursuit which he does not himself cultivate, he never admits in his heart that it is quite equal to his own favourite sport. The two sects have, however, had during the past week an excellent opportunity of comparing the merits of their rival monomanias. The Oxford and Cambridge cricket match was one of the most exciting ever known; and the regatta at Henley was as pleasing to the aquatic mind as the regatta almost invariably contrives to be. The cricketers might certainly allege that their excitement was more scientifically sustained. From the beginning to the end of the match the scales of success seemed to be almost equally balanced. The spectators might watch the course of every ball with trembling interest. Cambridge, which had been out of spirits at the commencement of the game, gradually rose in enthusiasm as the Oxford wickets went down with unhopd-for rapidity. When their own score mounted up slowly till it doubled that of their opponents, they began to rejoice more openly, though their joy was still mixed with trembling. Even at the end of the second innings of Oxford, they still felt equal to the task before them. It was not till the terrible bowling of Mr. Fellowes began to gain the mastery that their hopes waxed faint and gradually turned to despair. Even up to the last fatal ball, which scattered Mr. Pelham's wickets, it seemed to be within the bounds of possibility that victory might be snatched from the jaws of defeat. Cambridge could retire defeated but not disgraced, and the triumph of Oxford was doubled by the gallantry with which they had fought an uphill battle. The agony of the contest had been protracted as scientifically as the interest of a drama was ever sustained by a skilful poet. Cricket historians are unfortunately still in the age of mere chronicles and annals; they have not risen to philosophical history; their records of matches are perhaps the dreariest examples of printed matter extant; it requires the very toughest enthusiasm to digest their long series of detached sentences as to how Mr. A. made a splendid drive for four, and

Mr. B. was neatly disposed of by a shooter from Mr. C. If we might venture an opinion upon such a delicate matter, we should say that these mere skeleton records are inferior, in a literary point of view, even to the descriptions of the successive rounds of a prize-fight, in which there is at least the amusement of reckoning up the number of synonyms for the different assailable parts of the human frame. If, however, cricket-reporters could ever be stimulated to give a description of a match, and not a mere collection of details—to explain a little of the strategy, instead of simply enumerating the movements of each separate corps—they might be roused by the Oxford and Cambridge match. For the present it must suffer for want of due celebration, and find a record only in the bosoms of those excited gentlemen whose interest was gradually warmed up even beyond the pitch of applauding.

Coming after such a match, the regatta might find it more difficult than usual to sustain the contrast. Rowing, however, has certain points of attraction even for the profane vulgar who appreciate its refinements as little as the ordinary tourist appreciates Raffaele. In the first place, it has the great advantage of taking place on water; and sometimes, therefore, as at Henley, in most beautiful scenery. There is something about the meadows and woods through which the Thames wanders so gracefully, that is suggestive of luxurious repose. The landscape looks as Tennyson puts it, "softer than sleep," which is translatable into the vulgar by saying that it looks admirably adapted for lying on one's back on the grass or in a boat, and thinking about nothing. Compared with more ambitious scenery, it is like an exquisitely comfortable country-house as contrasted with a royal palace. Now nothing can harmonize more completely with a sense of luxurious indolence than the sight of other people exerting themselves violently. And as a sharp race over the Henley course is about as violent an exertion as the young Englishman ever undergoes for his amusement—that is to say, as violent as is compatible with the muscular arrangements of the human frame—it follows that it is a very pleasant spectacle to the indifferent observer and very well adapted to the scenery. A boat race has of course the advantage that every one can understand what it is to be very hot and very tired, and cruelly short of wind, and can therefore sympathize with the sufferers. Thus on the whole we are inclined to think that, when the weather is fine, when the racing is close, and when the intervals are not too long, the ordinary observer gets as much pleasure out of his half-dozen drams of excitement administered in ten-minute doses, as the cricketer derives from the weaker dilution spread over a couple of days. All these conditions were present at Henley, and even the outside barbarian might enjoy a day in its lovely meadows as much as one spent on Lord's ground. As for the initiated, they must evidently have been happy, for they were running backwards and forwards six or seven times in the course of a few hours in a thick crowd, and screaming themselves hoarse; and if that does not constitute happiness, it would be in vain to seek it in this world.

To the sport afforded, it is a sufficient testimony to say that there were at least seven very fine races—one for the sculls, one for pairs, two for four-oars, and three for eight-oars. The race in which the interest culminated was the concluding heat for the Grand Challenge Cup. Old traditions tell of great contests in former days upon the same waters—of that unparalleled struggle when Oxford defeated Cambridge by eighteen inches, or of the race when a London and a Third Trinity four never separated by more than a few feet over the whole course. But the fame of the mighty deeds of old is shortlived upon the river. Generations of rowing-men succeed each other almost as rapidly as generations of race-horses. The sport is only compatible with an absence of fat and a morbid delight in severe training, which seldom outlasts more than three or four years of youthful energy. And thus the fanatics of the present could scarcely remember a parallel to the glorious contest between Kingston and the Oxford Etonians. The crews were very equally matched both in style and strength, and although perhaps neither rose quite to the level of a first-rate University crew, they were above the average of those which generally appear at Henley. From the temple which some pious hand has erected, probably to the Genius of rowing, up to the ruins of the venerable poplar, whose wood should have been distributed for relics amongst those who have so often watched for it out of the corners of their eyes in hard-fought Henley contests, the two boats rowed almost oar to oar, and answered spurt with spurt. There the corner, which gave the advantage in several races during the regatta, turned the doubtful scale, and the Oxford Etonians managed to draw to the front by about the length of their bows. Indeed it is the only objection to the most beautiful course in England, that when the wind is not blowing strongly off the Buckinghamshire side, the inside station has an advantage of something like a boat's length. The same corner decided the fate of both the four-oar races on the first day, which, but for it, would have been at least doubtful, if not changed in their result. The contest which came next in interest was that for the sculls. It is scarcely in human nature for two men, dependent upon their own solitary exertions, to remain level throughout a whole race. One or the other is pretty sure to discover that a slight relaxation of his exertions, almost undiscoverable to lookers-on, will materially contribute to his comfort, and to reflect that even victory may be won at too great a price. Mr. Woodgate, however, had once achieved the unusual feat of a dead heat at Henley, but on the present occasion he was beaten about half-way up the course, and allowed his opponent, Mr. Michell, the most elegant amateur sculler of the day, to win

a well-deserved victory. The other closely contested races to which we have referred were less interesting from the style of the competitors and from the nature of the races; but they were sufficient to make the regatta, on the whole, very interesting.

The glories of the river were carried off by Oxford and Eton. Whatever else those illustrious seminaries of learning may teach, they certainly turn out an excellent breed of oarsmen. Nearly every prize was won by men who had been trained at one or both of them, and no one will grudge their success, except those who are presumptuous enough to set limits to the cultivation of muscular excellence, and rashly to fancy that it may possibly involve a sacrifice of intellectual attainments. Another class of men may be permitted to bewail, not the continued eminence of Eton and Oxford, but the melancholy degeneracy of some of their opponents. The ancient Leander Club has been stimulated to display a certain vitality, and we could wish that its freshly-kindled zeal might not have been entirely without reward; but as most of the members were veteran oarsmen, they may bear a little disappointment. It is more melancholy for the lovers of rowing to see that the old renown of the First Trinity Boat Club has not been entrusted to more competent hands. The cloud which has so long hung over the fortunes of Cambridge has not yet been cleared away. There was plenty of strength and of pluck in the Trinity crew, and if their energy had been better directed they could hardly have failed, notwithstanding various accidental discouragements, to give a better account of their more youthful opponents. They deserve every credit for the unflinching perseverance which has brought up a succession of Cambridge boats, in spite of considerable difficulties, to meet a succession of defeats upon the Thames. They have shown that, whatever else is wanting, it is not the courage to try. Neither is the raw material deficient. But there is one piece of advice which has been given so often that it ought to have produced more effect, and which must continue to be given till they are disposed to take it, and that is, to learn how to row; and more especially to learn the value of the magical six inches of water at the beginning of the stroke, which they persist in neglecting. If they will only concentrate their attention for the next year upon that essential point of art, they may turn out something more resembling the Cambridge crews of former days. To adopt Hotspur's advice, they should have a startling taught to speak nothing but "catch the beginning"—a formula which is indeed already more often used than observed in practice.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

JUST now the Director of Her Majesty's Theatre is exhibiting unusual activity. To *Der Freischütz*, *Fidelio*, *Iphigénie*, and *Dinorah* he has added *Il Flauto Magico* and *Oberon*, besides an immediate promise of *Il Seraglio*; and this by no means to the exclusion of *bond fide* Italian operas, among which *Don Giovanni* has been of late conspicuous. With reference to Mozart's *chef d'œuvre*, it is enough to say that Mr. Santley has resigned the part of the libertine to M. Gassier, and we must applaud him for his act of self-denial. Not that the Frenchman is much nearer the mark than the Englishman, but that the latter is so wide of it as scarcely to warrant a hope that he will ever actually reach it. Irreproachable in most respects, Mr. Santley cannot afford on any account to remain open to the charge of mediocrity. But, admirably as he sings the greater part of the music, the *palma nobilis* will never be awarded to his *Don Giovanni*; and he has other means of winning it. Look, for example, at his Papageno. It is not, perhaps, in the nature of Mr. Santley to be absolutely comic. In one sense, therefore, his birdcatcher can never be compared with the birdcatcher of Signor Ronconi. That inimitable assumption would have convulsed with laughter the musician whose very mirth was tinged with sadness. But though Mozart might have laughed with Schikaneder *redivivus*, he would have wept with our excellent barytone—wept with innate satisfaction at hearing music which he had written in a sportive mood so uttered as to sound all melody, and in a language, too, the most nearly allied to melody. Ordinary representatives of Papageno, adopting the tradition that has come down from Schikaneder, may scarcely, with rare exceptions, be said to sing their music. They gabble the words, or at best, with rapid articulation, "intone" them; and whether in German, French, or Italian (we cannot manage it in English), the *Kauderwälsch* is much the same as the *baragouin*, and the *baragouin* is much the same as the *chiacchiera*. Now Papageno's music is quite as rhythmically tuneful as the music of any other personage in the opera, and for that reason it should be sung with scrupulous attention to phrase and pause and cadence. This Mr. Santley does, not merely in the quaint little air with the bells, "Gente e qui l'uccelatore" (Papageno's "Largo al factotum"), or "Colombo, o Tortorella," in the second act, which wears so strong a family resemblance to it, or the Orphean melody divided between Papageno and Pamina, "La dove prende amor ricetto"—to which, with unexampled silliness, the old English words of "The manly heart" are appended in the book as a translation, though they have nothing in common with the words of Schikaneder (properly adhered to in the Italian version)—not merely in these, to sacrifice which would be *lese-Mozart*, just as it would be *lese-Gluck* to adopt at the present time the once admitted, nay indicated, "*aria francese*," in *Iphigénie*, but throughout the opera. Whatever music is assigned to Papageno Mr. Santley sings, and sings in perfection. The rest must be taken *cum grano*. He can no more enact the part of a diverting buffoon than he can cast

his skin. Nevertheless a certain sense of quiet humour is obvious in Mr. Santley's histrionic embodiment of the birdcatcher; and to the steady manifestation of this he is prudent in restricting himself. To do more would be to imperil success; to do less would be to represent a lay-figure set in motion by the tunes of Mozart. He must leave it to Signor Ronconi to be, like the man in one of the comedies of Plautus, "more Jupiter than Jupiter," more Schickaneder than Schickaneder—or, parodying the speech of the Gascon soldier who preferred Henri IV. to Alexander, "*Papageno* (Alexander) en effet, si jamais il en fut de nom." Mr. Santley may be satisfied with the consciousness of being the most musical of Papagenos—of making Papageno sing, as a contemporary expresses it, "more like a bird than a birdcatcher."

But the cast of *Il Flauto Magico* is in most respects wonderfully good. Exception has been justly taken against the manner in which the music (so beautiful!) of two of the three attendants on the Queen of Night is sung—or rather not sung; but here criticism is at a standstill. Madame Harriers-Wippen is a German Pamina of the right stamp and genuine ring; Signor Gardoni an admirable Tamino, giving the famous portrait-song, "*Ah cara imagine*" ("*Dies Bildniß ist bezaubert schön*"), as well as we could wish to hear it given; Madlle. Sinico, always competent, a more than competent Papagena; Herr Rokitsansky, with his deep bass tones, although (unlike his precursor, Signor Foli) he draws out both his airs with true Teutonic prolixity, a grave and imposing Sarastro; Madlle. Ilma de Murska, with her wild looks and exceptional voice, an ideal Astrifiamante, a "Queen of Night" as mysteriously supernatural as the music allotted her to sing, and which (very judiciously transposing the second air, "*Gli angui d'inferno*," from F to E flat) she sings with an impetuous vigour that in so frail a *physique* seems inexplicable; and all the subordinate parts are more or less efficiently supported. The fine chorus, which for two years past has been winning unanimous credit for the performances at Her Majesty's Theatre, enjoys in this opera several opportunities for display, of which due advantage is taken, and nowhere more emphatically than in the magnificent choral accompaniment to the Priest's first air, "*Possenti numi*," and in the solemn ritual that forebodes Tamino's initiation—"Grand' Isi, grand' Osiri." A contemporary, endeavouring to prove Gluck the greatest of dramatic composers, asks, "who taught Mozart the use of the trombones?" Well, certainly not Gluck, whatever else the composer of *Iphigénie* may have taught the composer of *Die Zauberflöte*, if indeed—which is open to doubt, seeing how utterly opposed were their methods of working, how Mozart developed while Gluck did (could?) not—he really taught him anything. Mozart's employment of the trombones is essentially different from that of Gluck, which may readily be shown by a comparison of any passage selected from Gluck's operas with these very passages in *Il Flauto Magico*, or with the unparalleled last scene (as now represented) of *Don Giovanni*. Mozart not only gives the trombones long sustained notes, but occasionally (as in "*Possenti numi*") makes them as melodious as flutes or clarinets; whereas Gluck generally treats them in a more abrupt, "*succedé*" fashion. But not further to digress, the orchestra would be just as unimpeachable in this performance of *Il Flauto Magico* as the chorus, were it not that Signor Arditì takes the *allegro* of the overture so much too fast that the *gruppetto* of four semiquavers, a characteristic feature of the leading theme, and which plays an important part in its development, loses distinctness. "Too quick," moreover, is the criticism that must apply to the *canto fermo* of the "*Uomini Armati*," who conduct Tamino and Pamina to the cavern in the mountain through which they are to pass the ordeal of the fire and water, before admission to the Temple of Isis. The elaborate orchestral accompaniment to this *canto fermo*, in which Mozart emulates J. S. Bach himself as a master of the fugal style, is deprived of half its dignity by such hastening of the tempo. The rest is unexceptionable. The fact of this delightful music once more becoming familiar to the operatic public is agreeable to reflect on. Though within three months of a quarter of a century old, it is, in most essentials, younger than any music that is written now. As a mine of rich melody, indeed, it is inexhaustible. Whether the book, a farrago of seeming absurdities, actually meant anything or nothing, is a question of small moment. Art may rejoice that Emanuel Schickaneder, stage-player, poet, *impresario*, and quack, once found himself in such straits as compelled him to supplicate Mozart for aid. Schickaneder's misfortune was Mozart's opportunity, and though Mozart received no money for his labour, he won fresh laurels. It was at one time the fashion to maintain, because, in November, three weeks before his death, he composed a *Kleine Freimaurer-Cantate* ("*Laut verkünde unsre Freude*"), for a Freemason's lodge in Vienna, and because, six years earlier, he had composed a similar work (*Die Maurerfreude*) for another lodge, that by *Die Zauberflöte* Mozart meant "masonry." This may be an ingenious way of accounting for the strangely extravagant materials of which the libretto is composed; but had it been really the truth, *Die Zauberflöte* would long ago have slept in peace. Happily, Mozart meant music; and *Die Zauberflöte* still lives, and is likely to live on. The few weak points, moreover, that hypercriticism can point to in the score were the result of

Schickaneder's egotistically busy interference; and Schickaneder, not Mozart, invented the book.

Between *Die Zauberflöte* and *Oberon* thirty-five years elapsed, and these thirty-five years embrace the whole career of Beethoven. Yet, though Beethoven, the greatest musical poet, has influenced modern art more than any other man, if we compare the operas of Weber and Mozart with each other we must in justice award the palm to the elder master, who died before Beethoven was Beethoven. Some will insist that Weber is more strictly a dramatic composer than Mozart. But we really cannot admit that *Oberon*, the "*nain bossu*" "*trois pieds de hauteur*," "*de visage angélique*," &c., of the old French romance*, who, with his "hanap," "haubert," and "cor d'ivoire," helps Huon of Bordeaux to defy the whole power of Charlemagne, is even as dramatic as Astrifiamante, or that Scherasmin, Sir Huon's squire, can in the same sense be pitted against the birdcatcher, Papageno. The word "dramatic," is too frequently employed at hazard, and as often used where the exact word would be "theatrical." A more eminently dramatic composer than the composer of *Don Giovanni* it is difficult to imagine. Further to discuss this point, however, would take up too much space. *Oberon* is, under any circumstances, welcome; and though we should prefer hearing it as Weber wrote it, with the simple modification of *recitativo parlante* instead of spoken dialogue (which Italian opera does not admit), Mr. Benedict has accomplished his task with such care and skill that it would be hypercritical to complain. We even overlook the interpolations from *Eury-anthe*, which Weber's favourite pupil has found it expedient to make, but which Weber himself, it may be safely urged, would not have tolerated. To him, no more in *Oberon* than in *Der Freischütz*, can the reproach apply—*at tu disticha longa facis*. With the proviso, then, that *Oberon* at Her Majesty's Theatre is not Weber's *Oberon*, but an *Oberon* swelled out into extraordinary proportions, we may eulogize the performance almost unreservedly. The chief characters are powerfully sustained, and even the subordinate parts are adequately filled. The effect of such a combination of voices as those of Madlle. Tietjens, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Mongini, and Mr. Santley (Reiza, Fatima, Huon, and Scherasmin) is strikingly manifest in the quartet at the end of the second act ("*Over the dark blue waters*"), as vigorous and inspiring an example of concerted singing as could be heard. To say more about the Reiza of Madlle. Tietjens, to dwell upon her delivery of the familiar scene of the third act ("*Ocean, thou mighty monster*"), or any other noble passage in a performance noble throughout, would at this time be superfluous. Six years have passed since *Oberon* was retouched and revived by Mr. E. T. Smith, Mr. Mapleson's predecessor; and though it was laid aside last season, in the belief, perhaps, that a year's repose would do it no harm, our musical readers know pretty well all about it. The Fatima of 1860 was Alboni. Alboni, however, sings no more. The world of music is poorer by a nightingale. But Alboni wanting, it is questionable if any other singer could be found to replace her so satisfactorily as Madame Trebelli-Bettini, to warble in tones so mellow, and with such engaging simplicity, those airs, all tune, no artifice, in which Fatima speaks about herself and her "dear Araby." This lady has nothing in common with the "*donne lagrimose*" of the old Italian poet, but is always natural and unaffected; and herein, as much as in her command of florid vocalization, lies the secret of her attraction. Signor Mongini's Huon, though far better than in 1860, is still unequal. It is, however, crowded with good points. The robust temperament, splendid physical means, and energetic, though but imperfectly tutored, style of this gentleman are effectively brought into play by Weber's dramatic music. This was shown before *Oberon* came out, when, to the general satisfaction, Signor Mongini replaced Signor Stagno in the tenor part of *Der Freischütz*—"Max," "Rodolphe," "Adolphe," or whatever may be the orthodox name; and it is equally evident in the declamatory passages which, to conciliate the elder Braham, Weber so liberally bestowed upon Huon. Thus, among other things, the great air of the first act, "*Oh! 'tis a glorious sight to see*," is delivered with remarkable and characteristic force. This, by the way, judged simply as music, is much inferior to the one first intended for Huon, and now transferred by Mr. Benedict to *Oberon*. Nor is it clear why, if taken away from Huon, the original air should be given to any one else. As it is, we find *Oberon*, at great pains, telling Huon (who is fast asleep) Huon's own history—which would seem at least superfluous. On the other hand, it affords an opportunity for distinction to that careful artist Signor Alessandro Bettini, as in 1860 it did to Senor Belart, the late Spanish *tenore leggiero*, and as the opportunity is not thrown away, no one has to complain. Besides, it is worth recovering a lost bit of Weber's at any reasonable sacrifice. Mr. Santley, as Scherasmin, has not in a musical sense a very important charge; but his voice and his singing are of inestimable value in the concerted pieces, and his comic duet with Madame Trebelli ("*On the banks of sweet Garonne*"), when Fatima and Scherasmin console themselves for being slaves by the fact that they have been enslaved together, is one of the liveliest points in the performance. Madame de Meric Lablache is a somewhat improbable Pack, but she gives the music well enough; and if Madlle. Bauermeister would take the air of the Mermaid ("*Oh! 'tis pleasant to float on the sea*") with a little more vivacity, we should more readily attach

* Last of the 145 pieces named in the *Thematic Catalogue*, drawn up by Mozart himself, of works composed from February 9, 1784, to November 15, 1791—published by J. André, of Offenbach-on-the-Maine.

* *Histoire de Huon de Bordeaux, Pair de France et Duc de Guienne.*

credence to the pleasure she professes to feel, and which is charmingly reflected in the melody—a melody so much to the taste of Mendelssohn that he has used a portion of it in his own overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, without even changing the key. Among the other small parts it is fair to name that of Babekan, aspirant to the hand of Reiza—a very warlike prince, who, nevertheless, is accounted for by the sword of Sir Huon with a despatch that may be pronounced unceremonious. M. Gassier makes much of the little now given to Babekan, and for this he is to be commended.

The chorus has plenty to do in *Oberon*, and the way in which it is done at Her Majesty's Theatre merits almost unqualified praise. The delicious opening ("Light as fairy feet can fall") might be sung more *piano*, and with more attention to light and shade; but we have no other objection to offer. The characteristically oriental "Muezzin" (call to prayer), "Glory to the Caliph," the choruses of spirits, genii and water-nymphs, and the rest, are all that could be wished. The orchestra on the whole is even better than the chorus. The time at which Signor Arditi takes Weber's overture is unimpeachable, and fairly sets at nought the Italian adage—*chi va piano va sano*; while the storm in the third act, perhaps the finest operatic storm except that sublime storm of Cherubini, in *Medea*, is realized with vivid intensity. To Mr. Telbin must be attributed a very considerable share in the effect produced by the whole of this impressive scene, which, as far as his department is concerned, he has entirely remodelled, and with striking felicity. But what an opera-book is that of *Oberon*! Talk of *Die Zauberflöte*, indeed! Mr. Planché, who was indebted to Mr. Sotheby, who was indebted to Wieland, who was indebted to *Huon de Bordeaux*, has beaten Schickaneder hollow, and this without reference to masonic or Osirian mysteries. What with Haroun al Raschid and the Ennir of Tunis, Reiza and Roshana (is not this the Roxane of *Bajazet*?), Puck and Sir Huon de Bordeaux, the fairies and the mermaids, the spirits of the earth, air, fire and ocean, Oberon's bower and the Tigris, the Court of Charlemagne and the Paladins, the transpositions of the *dramatis personæ* from one distant clime to another, &c., we are fairly bewildered. To complete the bewilderment, Oberon should have had Julius Cæsar for his father, and the Lady of the Island of Chiffallonic for his mother—as in the French romance already cited. What odd stories have some of the greatest of composers wedded to music that can never die! In his eagerness to create, Weber overlooked the fact that what might serve very well as *matériel* for a fantastic poem, like Wieland's *Oberon*, might, at the same time, be wholly unfitted for the purposes of the lyric stage. He was better served by Kind than by Mr. Planché. The *trompette marine* of M. Jourdain would have more fitly consorted than the enchanted horn of Weber with the queer hotch-potch from the "*Bibliothèque Bleue*" upon which the composer of *Der Freischütz* bestowed his dying strains of melody.

REVIEWS.

BISHOP BUTLER—II. (ANALOGY).*

NOT long ago we made some observations on Butler's Sermons, which were intended principally to serve as an introduction to some further observations on his more famous work, the *Analogy*. Perhaps no English theological treatise of modern times has met with so much success. It is praised by writers of the most discordant opinions, and is almost universally regarded as having at least silenced those whom it could not convince. Aggressive as it is in its substance, and still more in its tone, we do not know that any attempt to refute it, of sufficient importance to attract much attention, has ever been made. This singular measure of success, joined with the immense popularity of the book, justifies us in assuming on the part of our readers a pretty full acquaintance with its contents, and dispenses us from the obligation of giving any account of its character.

The first remark we have to make on the work is in the nature of literary criticism. Like most other controversial books, the *Analogy* is original, not in the sense of being new, but in the sense of being a statement which the author thoroughly understood, having recast and modelled in his own way the arguments which in his time were considered as most effective in the controversy in which he was interested. There is little, perhaps nothing, in the *Analogy* which is not to be found elsewhere. Large parts of it are to be found in the elaborate arguments about the Manichees with which readers of Bayle's Dictionary are familiar. In Baxter's practical works, which are a mine of forgotten learning written in a wonderfully vigorous style, other branches of his argument are treated, and those who have a taste for inquiries of the kind may trace back the use of the principal arguments on which Butler relies to the very earliest period of theological controversy. He himself quotes a passage from Origen which contains the essence of his argument. This is no deduction from the merits of the book. It is rather a proof of them, for no one can expect to invent new arguments on subjects which have engaged the earnest attention of mankind for many centuries. The utmost that can really be done is to restate the old ones in a manner accordant with the existing condition of thought and knowledge, and thoroughly to make them

the mental property of the writer. This, if well considered, gives the true theory of the progress of opinion. The new facts and new methods which are by degrees brought to light gradually supersede or invalidate old arguments, or set their real soundness in a clearer light than before.

Upon the book itself several observations arise. In the first place, it is important to remark that it is throughout an argument *ad homines*—an argument constructed on principles and expressed in language which are not the author's own; and that one of its principal objects is to attack a view of things which no longer exists, at least to any considerable extent. "In this position," says Butler, "I have argued upon the principles of others, not my own; and have omitted what I think true and of the utmost importance because by others thought unintelligible or not true. Thus I have argued upon the principles of the Fatalists, which I do not believe, and have omitted a thing of the utmost importance which I do believe, the moral fitness and unfitness of actions prior to all will whatever, which I apprehend as certainly to determine the divine conduct as speculative truth and falsehood necessarily determine the divine judgment." Both in the preface and in the conclusion he arrives at last at the result that he has at all events proved that Christianity is not a contemptible imposture undeserving of notice. He says in his introduction, "It will undeniably show, what too many want to have shown them, that the system of religion both natural and revealed . . . is not a subject of ridicule, unless that of nature be so too." And in the last paragraph of the whole work, after pointing out that as far as regards moral obligations, "a serious apprehension that [Christianity] may be true, joined with doubt whether it be so," is much the same as "a full satisfaction of the truth of it," he adds:—"It will appear that blasphemy and profaneness are absolutely without excuse, for there is no temptation to it but from the wantonness of vanity and mirth." There are probably few persons in the present day who would say that Christianity, or any other creed which has greatly influenced mankind, is a proper subject of ridicule, or a matter which it is in any way decent or permissible to treat with blasphemy or profaneness; and, whatever may have been the case in Butler's day, it would probably in our own be quite unnecessary to argue such a matter elaborately with any one in the smallest degree deserving of notice. In order to obtain the true value and real meaning of the *Analogy* it is necessary for the reader to keep continually before his mind the fact that the whole book is written in a tone of austere reproof, and that the author has always before his eyes the figure of a profane jester whose one object in life is to escape from all the moral restraints of religion, and to bring into contempt and ridicule all that is considered sacred by other men. The air of extreme calmness and impartiality with which Butler uniformly writes appears to us to have been in reality the veil of profound indignation against those whom he was opposing; and no doubt this singular union of perfect external calm and apparent fairness with the most intense conviction of the entire truth and ineffable sacredness of his own cause, and the most thorough conviction of the baseness of those who opposed it, has done very much to gain for him the position which he holds as a model Christian philosopher. People dearly like to be able to point to a writer who in his heart is an uncompromising partisan, but who always writes in a perfectly judicial style, and condemns his adversaries, not because they are his adversaries, but ostensibly because they are wrong.

We cannot, however, help feeling that the philosophical value of the *Analogy* is greatly diminished by this circumstance, which has contributed so largely to its popularity. It is almost impossible to write fairly from an antagonist's supposed point of view, or to do justice in such a constrained position either to him or to yourself. It is on this ground that, as we have formerly observed, the study of Butler's Sermons ought to precede that of the *Analogy*. The *Analogy*, taken by itself, seems to us to be not altogether fair to those at whom it is written, and, if it is taken as a substantive work, to be in many ways unsatisfactory, especially in the second part. We will shortly indicate our reasons for this opinion. The first part is pervaded throughout by the suggestion that most of the objections to natural religion are founded in wickedness. The possibility of a *bonâ fide* doubt on such subjects is never steadily contemplated. Perhaps the chapter which best illustrates the injustice of this view is the sixth, "Of the Opinion of Necessity considered as influencing Practice." The chapter is an elaborate demonstration of the proposition that fatalism is reconcilable with religion, and this is put as if it were an objection to fatalism, instead of being an answer to an objection to it. We need not discuss this matter, as we referred to it at length on a former occasion (see *Saturday Review*, September 24, 1864); but the want of appreciation of an antagonist's position which is shown by the whole chapter is a remarkable instance of the inconvenience of trying to write from another person's point of view.

Another observation to the same effect arises upon the cardinal argument of the whole book, which is that Christianity reflects the difficulties which the constitution of the world opposes to the belief in God; therefore, if you believe in God upon the evidence which the world supplies, you ought not to disbelieve in any system of religion claiming to be divinely revealed on the score of the same difficulties. Probably the objecting attitude of mind was so much controlled in Butler himself by habits of another kind as to prevent him from fully entering into the argument which would be raised against him by a person who really held, and consistently

* Works of Bishop Butler. 2 vols. Oxford.

carried out, the view which he concedes for the moment, for the sake of showing it to be inconsistent and illogical. Belief in God with him no doubt was a first principle, as his Sermons prove, but with those against whom the argument in the *Analogy* is directed it was an inference, and a more or less doubtful inference, from the facts which they saw around them. He always argues as if his opponent were really and at bottom as sure of the existence of God as he is himself, and as if his difficulty were to reconcile Christianity, or at least certain parts of it, with a belief in the divine goodness, which in itself was clearly proved on other grounds. This we think was not correct. It is surely conceivable and intelligible that a man might say, "When I look at this world as I see it around me, and without any special information about any other, I can on the whole think it probable that it has an author who is intelligent and, in the main, benevolent, because I can imagine that there may be ways in which evil may turn out to be good in disguise, or at all events to be a partial and exceptional phenomenon permitted for some reason of which I cannot judge; but if the veil of obscurity which hangs over the whole subject is withdrawn, and if I am informed on authority which I cannot doubt that the very parts of the economy of this world which form my great difficulty in believing at all in a good God are characteristic and not exceptional, that they are not only what they seemed to be, but are parts of a general system reaching out to infinity, Christianity only increases the difficulties with which natural religion was already encumbered. If it was hard enough to believe that a benevolent being created a course of nature which involves amongst other things war, disease, poverty, and death, does it become easier to believe it when you add the fact that these temporal evils form a natural introduction to the doctrine of the eternal damnation of vast masses of the human race? An apparently harsh action done by a person known to be in other respects most benevolent may not destroy my belief that he is benevolent; but it would be a strange way of arguing to say that I must continue to be of that opinion if I learnt that this action was only a single illustration of a whole side of his character with which I had not been acquainted." Butler's argument is, There are objections to natural religion, which, as you, my antagonists, say, do not overthrow it. Why, then, should analogous objections overthrow Christianity? He nowhere deals with the answer which his principal antagonists would assuredly have given. They would have said, "In whatever degree Christianity is more precise, definite, and extensive than natural religion, in that same degree it must either be more difficult or more easy to prove. More difficult to prove, if its doctrines heighten the difficulties which, as you admit, encumber the proof of natural religion; more easy, if they diminish or remove them. Now you do not say that Christianity removes those difficulties; your contention is that it repeats them in a definite, authoritative form. Surely this is to increase them." Suppose some person were to announce from heaven, and to prove, by miracles or otherwise, a scheme of theology which thoroughly accounted for and cleared up all the difficulties of this present life; suppose he were to give us information about the nature and character of God, and about the position of man in creation and his future prospects, which enabled us to understand far more completely than is at present possible the general scheme of creation, and in particular the moral problems about human nature which at present appear so dark; would not such a revelation be in itself, and by force of the very words in which it is described, highly credible and probable? Should we not be inclined to believe in it for the very same reasons which lead us to believe that a key which unlocks a complicated lock is the true key? Surely we should; and if, in the same way, what claimed to be a revelation from heaven contained matters which contradicted, or appeared to contradict, all the notions which, upon the most careful consideration of all other sources of information open to us, we had formed of the divine character, we should say it was improbable, and required stronger evidence to induce us to believe it. Whoever denies this ought to be prepared to say whether he will contend that it is not legitimate to argue in favour of Christianity against Buddhism or Mahometanism, upon the ground that the Christian conception of the divine character and attributes is higher and more in unison with the teachings of natural religion on the subject than those of the Buddhists or Mahometans. If, however, this be admitted, then it cannot be denied that the general character of an alleged revelation may be compared with natural religion for the purpose of seeing whether, if it were true, it would increase or diminish the difficulty of religious belief. Now the case of the Deists against Butler—the case of Hume, for instance, or Voltaire—would not be that, whereas Deism in itself was free from difficulties, such difficulties were imported into it by Christianity; but that, Deism being confessedly an imperfect and more or less rudimentary and hypothetical view of the universe, Christianity, instead of explaining or alleviating its natural difficulties, made them worse, and would therefore require very strong evidence of its truth before it could be accepted. Those who are at all acquainted with the writings of systematic divines will have little difficulty in understanding how this view of the matter might be sustained, and it is impossible not to feel that the *Analogy* does not answer it, though it is most dexterously contrived to answer the men who probably would have put forward such a view if the state of public feeling, and indeed the state of the law at the time, had permitted them to do so. The dexterity consists in taking for granted the doctrine of the existence of God as a matter not in dispute, and in neglecting the fact that infinite shades of opinion upon that subject exist, from a mere suspicion

that perhaps there may be such a being up to the firmest positive conviction that there is. The sort of Deists at whom Butler aims in his *Analogy* were not Theodore Parkers or Francis Newmans. They did not profess to have an unclouded internal vision of the divine character which led them at once to repudiate Christian theology as untrue and unworthy of God. To such men, no doubt, the argument of the *Analogy* applies with unanswerable force. They were men who were willing enough to take facts as they found them, and who were far from thinking that the constitution of nature proved the existence of a God of perfect benevolence. The most popular and pungent of all Voltaire's writings is his satire on Optimism. Their case was simply that Christianity, as exhibited and proposed to them by the various churches and sects of their day, aggravated the natural difficulties of the whole subject of religion. It was for obvious reasons very difficult, and indeed almost impossible, for them to state this view broadly and plainly, and it would require more study of obscure books than it would be worth going through for such a purpose, to see whether they fully realized it themselves; but we do not think Butler has answered the objection so stated.

The whole tone and character of the book does indeed suggest an answer, and a very remarkable one, though it does not fully state it. The answer indicated is, that Christian theology is to be construed by and brought into harmony with the facts of nature; that we are to survey the world as we find it, and see what traces it affords, for instance, of a system of punishment or a system of redemption, and then to say that this is what is—or, for aught we know, may be—meant by the doctrine of future punishment or redemption. This, as far as we can understand it, is the meaning of a great deal of modern German speculation on these topics, and we think that Butler's mind clearly tended in that direction, and contained the germ of much which has been written about it since his time. We will try to illustrate this by reference to one or two of the subjects discussed in the *Analogy*, though our limits, and other obvious considerations, forbid us either to go into the question fully, or even to try to discuss its value. In order to do this, and to do justice to the genius of its author, the controversial object of the *Analogy* ought to be put aside, and it should be taken in connection with the Sermons, not as an *argumentum ad homines* written on the principles of others, but as a substantive statement by Butler himself of the general drift and tendency of Christianity as he understood it. If viewed in this light, it would indeed lose that stern and pugnacious air which appears to form its chief attraction to many persons. It would no longer be possible to throw it, like a pail of moral cold water, over all religious enthusiasts, as if Butler had regarded a belief in a good God as a weakness to be trampled upon, and all attempts to apply to the divine conduct those principles of goodness and justice which Butler believed to be innate and universal, as presumptuous folly. Yet, on the other hand, much would be gained by those to whom comprehensiveness, depth, and genuine goodness and holiness appear more honourable than the skill of an intellectual prizefighter.

Taken in this way, Butler's general conception of religion would stand somewhat as follows. Its foundation, as we have already pointed out, would be laid in the belief, antecedent to experience and derived from our very nature, in a just and good God, whom we are to love, and whose way of dealing with the world is to be made the object of humble study by men. Such a study discloses, first of all, the fact that men will probably continue to think and feel after the event which we call death. It shows that the course of human actions is, as a fact, governed by rewards and punishments in the shape of those natural advantages and disadvantages which, as daily experience shows us, attend virtuous and vicious conduct respectively, and which are so contrived as to be suited to the development and improvement of our nature. All this, however, is seen as in a glass darkly, inasmuch as the enormous extent of our ignorance, and the extreme imperfection even of what we call our knowledge, conceal many things from our view which might greatly modify our opinions if we were acquainted with them. In this state of things, we are told that it has pleased God to inform mankind, by a messenger accredited by the power of working miracles, first that the anticipations, such as they are, which natural religion had led us to form are true in fact; and next, that the punishments and rewards of the present state of things will be carried out in a much more stringent form, and to a greater extent, in a future state; and, thirdly, that means of avoiding the consequences of wrong-doing have been miraculously afforded to those who choose to avail themselves of them. It is further added that the punishments and rewards, especially the former, which are thus announced, are analogous to the course of nature in that matter with which we are already acquainted, and that the means of escape provided are analogous to the remedies provided by the course of nature for imprudence or misconduct in this world. Unless it is understood that Butler's statement goes to this length, and is not a mere answer to an objection, it must be owned that it is of very little value. On the other hand, if it does go this length, as we think it does, this fact must considerably shake his reputation for orthodoxy in the sense of the stricter and more systematic writers on these subjects. The best illustration of this is to be found in the famous argument in the second part on the doctrine of the Atonement. If Butler means to say that the Christian doctrine on the subject is, or for aught we know may be, only the highest case of the general truth that the world is so organized that no one stands alone, and that vice and virtue respectively produce effects reaching far beyond the persons of those who practise them, he says

something which no doubt is greatly to the purpose, and which obviates most of the objections which are generally urged against the doctrine; but he does this by setting up a new doctrine, not by defending the one to which exception was taken, and which people in general, on both sides of the controversy, understood to be the true one. What raised the objection was the theory of vicarious suffering. A sins, B suffers, and A escapes by reason of B's suffering. This, it is said, is unjust. Substantially Butler's answer is, You mistake the doctrine, which is that B suffers by reason of A's sin, and that B's suffering as a fact relieves A, and this is analogous to the order of nature. No doubt it is, but it is far from being analogous to the doctrine objected to. Nature affords a thousand instances in which a man's faults injure his neighbour, and in which his efforts to serve his neighbour are painful to himself; but it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find one instance in which the course of nature affords a case of true expiation as objected to—that is, a case in which the suffering of A, and not something accidentally connected with and caused by the suffering, relieves B from the painful consequences which would otherwise have followed his misconduct. The debauched father transmits a scrofulous constitution to the innocent son, but he pays the penalties of his own debauchery in his own person equally whether he has a son or not. His son's sufferings put him in no better position than he would be in if his son did not suffer. They usually put him in a worse position. An anxious mother saves her child's life at the expense of ruining her own health by watching over it and nursing it; but it is the care, and not the pain, which benefits the child. If the mother's constitution were strong enough to support the same exertions without inconvenience it would be all the better for the child.

Now, if Butler was willing to use the whole analogy of nature for the purpose of construing the doctrine of the Atonement, if he was willing to say, "I do not ask you to believe any such doctrine except in so far as it is supported by the analogy of nature, and I admit the force of your objections to all such forms of stating it, and to all such interpretations of the texts of Scripture in which it is announced as are opposed to, or not confirmed by, the analogy of nature," he spoke relevantly, though in a way likely to give great offence to many writers of high reputation for orthodoxy. If he meant to say that the analogy of nature confirms the ways of stating the doctrine in question which are generally objected to, he meant to say something which is not the fact.

If the whole of Butler's works, the Sermons and the *Analogy* together, are taken as a substantive statement on his part, controversially and therefore imperfectly and inconveniently expressed, of his view of things human and divine, we think it must be conceded on the whole to be noble, elevated, manly, and credible, though open, principally on account of the form into which it is thrown, to the objections which we have pointed out. The choice of a different form of expression and greater liveliness of temperament would very probably have obviated these objections, though they would have surrendered a good deal of popularity and some degree of fame.

There are some faults in Butler which are the faults of his age rather than his own. For instance, his chapter on the particular evidence of Christianity, and the short general sketch which it contains of the history of the world, cannot now be considered as satisfactory. A careful study of this chapter (pt. ii. ch. vii.), and its complete silence upon a great number of the principal historical, scientific, and critical questions which at present occupy the most prominent place in theological controversy, would be of itself enough to meet the observation which is so commonly made in all such discussions, that they contain nothing new, and that all that is urged against common opinions has been answered a hundred times over. It displays, moreover, in a strong form, another defect which Butler could hardly have avoided, and which it would not be easy to avoid even in the present day. This is the absence of clear views as to the nature of evidence, probability, and belief. The argument about testimony in favour of miracles, the effect of enthusiasm in perverting accounts of facts, and the frequency with which miraculous stories are invented, ends with an admission that such considerations weaken the force of testimony; "but, notwithstanding all this, human testimony remains still a natural ground of assent, and this assent a natural principle of action." Surely we can get a little further back than this in the matter. It is not human testimony alone, but human testimony, when subjected to certain tests, referring to certain classes of facts, emitted by particular descriptions of persons, that is a natural ground of assent. Hundreds of millions of witnesses uniting in the assertion that the sun moves round the earth are liable to be outweighed by one philosopher. It is not merely upon the question of the value of testimony that Butler's theory of evidence is unsatisfactory. The fact is, as he fairly avows, that he had no theory at all on the subject. After describing probability as the guide of life, he says:—"It is not my design to inquire further into the nature of the foundation and measure of probability, or whence it proceeds that likeness should beget that presumption, opinion, and full conviction which the human mind is formed to receive from it, and which it does necessarily produce in every one; or to guard against the errors to which reasoning from analogy is liable. This belongs to the subject of logic, and is a part of that subject which has not yet been thoroughly considered." As the subject of the whole book is a discourse on the analogy between the constitution and course of nature and natural and revealed religion, it must be admitted that the absence of any precautions against the abuses of analogical

reasoning, and an avowed ignorance of the limits and value of the method itself, are considerable defects even if they were unavoidable.

VOYAGE À VÉNUS.*

WE have heard of a writer who declared that he had gained quite a new and valuable insight into the works of a popular authoress by the accidental discovery that she had big feet and was prematurely bald. He belonged doubtless to that school of critics who find in M. Sainte-Beuve perhaps their ablest living representative, and who hold that you cannot thoroughly and truly understand the bearings, or estimate the value, of a book unless you know all about the man or woman who wrote it. You ought to know how many glasses of sherry the author drinks at dinner, what price he pays for his hats, and if he kisses his aged grandmother, for all these facts throw more or less light upon his character, and his character gives the key to his works. From this point of view it might not be unimportant to know that a writer's cynical or melancholy views of life are perhaps traceable to her morbid consciousness of baldness or beetle-squashers. There is, for instance, a certain connection between Byron's *Child Harold* and his club-foot; and it is scarcely too much to say that, in order fully to understand the scope of his poetry, one ought to know that the poet was a morbidly vain and sensitive man, at once handsome and deformed. On the other hand, there is much to be said for the opposite school, who laugh at the theory that to judge of an author's works you must know the man himself, and who hold that criticism should be strictly impersonal. It may be argued that a knowledge of a man's character may not only fail to throw any light upon his writings, but may actually prevent your taking a fair unbiassed estimate of them. It is easy, for instance, to pronounce upon the merits of *Ernest Maltravers* and *The Caxtons*, taken separately; but taken together, and judged with reference to one and the same writer, they may indeed present an interesting psychological puzzle, yet they make it very hard to do strict justice to both. We may appreciate each as a work of art, viewed independently of the artist; but if a knowledge of his character assists our appreciation of the one, it can scarcely fail to injure our appreciation of the other. Or, to take a stronger case, an essay on temperance may be full of the most genuine and affecting eloquence, but does it assist us fairly to estimate this eloquence to be told that the essayist wrote under the inspiration of gin-and-water? Or do we sympathize more vividly with an enthusiastic rhapsody upon the pleasures of early rising if we know that the enthusiast wrote the best part of it in bed? The advocates of impersonal criticism may maintain that in all these and similar cases our knowledge of the workman, so far from assisting, positively impairs our appreciation of the work.

If space permitted, it would not be uninteresting to attempt to reconcile the antagonistic creeds of these two schools, and to show how much truth is contained in each. At present we only refer to them because the book now before us, M. Achille Eyraud's *Voyage à Vénus*, is a remarkable illustration of M. Sainte-Beuve's doctrine that it is impossible to pronounce sentence upon a work without knowing the author. It is one of those books whose merit turns in a peculiar degree upon the age and standpoint of the writer, about which we happen to know nothing. We never before heard of the author of *Voyage à Vénus*, and, if he has arrived at years of literary discretion, we trust we may never hear of him again. As the production of a mind which has had some time to mature, *Voyage à Vénus* would be about as unpromising a specimen as a critic could well be called on to examine. But, on the other hand, if it be the performance of a very young man, it displays plenty of promise for the future, and is by no means devoid of ability. It abounds in faults—some of them grave faults—but all to be pardoned, and even expected, in a very young writer, while its merits are also essentially those of youth. We mean, therefore, in our ignorance of M. Eyraud's antecedents, to give him the benefit of the charitable assumption that *Voyage à Vénus* represent Byron's "young and curly" age of wholesale sarcasm—an assumption warranted by the general style of the book, and specially supported by its touching dedication, "À mon Père et à ma Mère." On this hypothesis it amusingly illustrates Joubert's pithy saying that "knowledge of character is the charm of criticism." M. Eyraud's book derives its chief interest from the glimpses he unconsciously gives through it of himself, or rather of the class of young French writers whom he represents. He looks down upon the French world, and sees that it is not good. Its civilization is rank and rotten to the core; its literature is grossly sensuous and material; its old women wear their dresses painfully low. The times are out of joint, and some one must reset them. A satirist is wanted to lash with unsparring scourge the follies and vices of the age, to flog society back into something like its pristine simplicity; so, with that readiness to reform mankind or rearrange the solar system, and that grand faith in the omnipotence of scornful syllogism, which are among the most touching attributes of ardent and intrepid youth, M. Achille Eyraud addresses himself to the task. There is, at the very outset, a serious obstacle in his path. The French Emperor, as the "Saviour of Society," is not likely to stand tamely by and see

* *Voyage à Vénus*. Par Achille Eyraud. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères.

it shaken to its foundations, and his own dynasty endangered, by M. Eyraud's sarcasms. The satirist's book will be straightway seized, and, even if his life be spared, there will be no profit for the publishers or the age. A feeble attack upon society—such, for instance, as those of M. About—is worth nothing; a vigorous attack will be proscribed. In this dilemma a crafty device is hit upon for eluding Imperial vigilance. M. Eyraud makes his readers accompany him in a "voyage to Venus"—not the goddess, but the planet—and there exhibits in their full perfection the reforms which it is his mission to introduce on earth. Vicious Paris is soundly but safely whipped over the shoulders of virtuous Venusia, for, by a very simple arrangement, we are given to understand that whatever the Venusians are the Parisians are not. The arrangement is indeed a trifle too simple, and rather too suggestive of those story-books in which one little child is everything that is naughty, and goes eventually to the dogs or lions, while another little child—usually a girl (the writers being, as a rule, ladies)—is everything that is good. The principles of Good and Evil divide the nursery, as in the Persian theology they divide the world. But at any rate these simple moralists only take us so far as the nursery, while M. Eyraud carries us all the way up to Venus. There is a mortifying disproportion between his machinery and the effect he uses it to produce, and we feel that we have a right to resent being made to travel so many million leagues, more especially as the journey spreads itself in fine and funny writing over thirty pages, merely to find that Venusia is, after all, nothing more than a virtuous edition of Paris. When Swift, with a similar object, takes his readers upon imaginary voyages (we are of course not comparing M. Eyraud to Swift, but merely illustrating our objection), he is not content with introducing them to improved specimens of their own fellow-countrymen. There is, indeed, no lack of satire, but care is taken to supply, in addition, other distinct sources of amusement. The story may be enjoyed by a child, while the extraordinary feats of imagination by which consistency and vividness are secured for every detail charm the mature taste. The satirical and moral allusions are kept skilfully in the background, and, while they materially enhance the interest of the performance to those who do understand them, are by no means essential to the enjoyment of those who do not. But in the *Voyage à Venus* the satire is everything, and the story nothing. The aerial journey once finished, there is scarcely one attempt to sustain the intended illusion that we are staring about us in Venusia, not listening to a sermon in Paris; or, worse still, shut up for our sins in the ideal nursery where impeccable and impossible little goodies come when they are called, do as they are bid, shut the door after them, and never are chid. Indeed the author is not always at the pains to preserve the illusion for himself. It may be perhaps a question whether he has a right to make his Venusian host, Méline, talk rank Darwinianism; but still no mention is made of Mr. Darwin's name, and, for aught we know, the planets may all be furnished with counterparts of our prize philosophers. Darwins in duplicate may swarm through space. But it is certainly staggering to find Méline quite at home in the Tower of Babel, and glancing with almost disrespectful familiarity at Noah's Ark.

But by far the most characteristic and comical symptom of inartistic youth is the author's ignorance of perspective, his quaint inability to see the virtues and vices of society in their just proportions. He is determined so thoroughly to discharge his mission to sweep and garnish the world, that not a cobweb shall be left hanging, not a speck of dust offend the eye. He charges against all creation, broom in rest, and pokes it pitilessly in the face of every sin and foible alike, without distinction of sex, rank, character, size, or age. As in old Newgate, the most hardened felons and most juvenile offenders jostle each other indiscriminately, and present an incongruous jumble very suggestive of the fears expressed by Pope's sylph lest Belinda

Should stain her honour or her new brocade,
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade.

The Venusian Paradise is free alike from the horrors of war and the annoyance of smuts; the citizens settle their quarrels by peaceful arbitration, and the chimneys consume their own smoke. Parliament is not pestered by placemen, nor the streets by bill-stickers; there is no persecution for differences of creed, nor do orange-women trample upon your toes in the pit. You can secure an opera-stall beforehand without extra charge, and you can rise to the highest places in politics or literature without corruption or servility. All these blessings are secured with an ease and impetuous self-reliance sufficient to take the reader's breath away. When Leech's bachelor lodger is kept waiting for bread, he indignantly orders up an immediate supply of toast. When M. Eyraud finds the French Academy venal and subservient, bartering its honours for Imperial favour, he indignantly orders up an enlightened and impartial committee such as that which exists in Venusia, and which will see fair play done to everybody; and he puts a triumphant end to the miseries of war by expediting so simple as the diffusion of noble ideas, and the creation of an international tribunal. Venusia is, in fact, administered, and the world, through Venusia, set to rights, as easily as De Quincy's elder brother managed his kingdom of Tirosoylvania, and with nothing like the anxiety which poor De Quincy himself was made to suffer by his tail-bearing subjects of Gombroom.

The story of the hero's adventures in Venusia is so flimsy, and

so transparently a mere peg for disquisitions upon society, that we have not thought it worth a detailed notice. But it incidentally discloses one trait so deliciously characteristic of the nationality of the author that, if only out of deference to the maxim of Joubert above quoted, that "knowledge of character is the charm of criticism," we feel bound to give it. Méline, the hero's Venusian host and chief interlocutor in the discussions upon placemen and bill-stickers, bloody campaigns and smoky chimneys, has a lovely and all-accomplished daughter, Célia. Of course the hero falls madly in love with her, but, alas! her affections are engaged and her hand promised to a young Venusian, Cydonia. Since Cydonia embodies every male, as Célia every female, virtue and charm, all the Venusians being in fact expressly constructed by the author to put Parisians to the blush, the hero's passion would seem indeed a hopeless one. Not only is he imperfectly acquainted with the Venusian tongue—a serious disadvantage in a love-suit—but he is of course at the mercy of the author, who is bound by the strongest ties of decorum and consistency to make Célia respect her plighted troth. It is almost inconceivable that a reformer, profoundly conscious of his mission to regenerate mankind, and having undertaken to do so by creating for their example a model planet, should dare to introduce into his peaceful Paradise such a firework as female caprice. We should have as soon expected to find Lovelace a parlour-boarder in a model seminary as inconstancy in virtuous Venusia. But happily for the hero, if unhappily for the regeneration of mankind, the author is a Frenchman; and even the exigencies of his mission cannot blind him to the great truth that in a love-affair a Frenchman, as such, must triumph over the citizen of any other country, be it even a model planet. Célia is conquered and discards Cydonia, who, with Venusian magnanimity, declines the hero's handsome offer to fight him, and does not even bring an action for breach of promise. It is painful to reflect that the whole force of Célia's eloquent strictures upon the fashionable follies of Parisian woman is thus thrown away by one act. Every young lady who remains constant to her lover is in a position to turn round upon the lecturer and hint that, though a Venusian, she is no better than a common jilt. It is also sad that the whole plan of the author's work should be thus endangered. But then, on the other hand, the great doctrine of French invincibility in affairs of gallantry is unflinchingly maintained under the most serious difficulties. Let us pray, in our own interests, no less than in those of our wives and daughters, that Frenchmen, like M. Eyraud's hero, may pursue their all-conquering career in regions remote as the planet Venus, or, at the worst, be content to conspire against the domestic felicity of the Man in the Moon.

However, as we have already said, despite all these crudities and puerilities, *Voyage à Venus* displays considerable promise, and is by no means without ability. The author's remarks upon the French literature of the present day, upon its hard material tone, its false glitter, its sacrifice of purity and simplicity in its search for the voluptuous and the grotesque, are just, and even weighty. Here and there he lays bare a vital flaw in the French system of political or judicial administration, such as—to take an instance from the latter—the pernicious encroachment by the judge upon the duties of the prosecutor. His remarks upon such pregnant subjects as the claims of labour, the benefits of co-operation, the rights of woman, show a very creditable insight, for a young writer, into the views of the most advanced thinkers of the day. His wholesale railing against all creation, and his intrepid resolve to cut off society's head rather than tolerate its squinting, have no doubt their comic side, and recall Plato's comparison of clever young logicians to young puppies who pull to pieces whatever comes in their way for the mere pleasure of the performance. But, after all, creation does not suffer seriously, and the puppies sharpen their teeth. The very attack upon society implies that the assailant has in some measure emancipated himself from the conventional prejudices which existence in society almost necessarily involves, and such scepticism is the best step to a fixed faith. At least anything is better than an indolent uninquiring acquiescence in whatever surrounds us, merely because we find it ready-made to hand. It is better to create ever so clumsy a model planet for oneself than to take this planet wholly on trust. *Voyage à Venus* is the sort of book which a young man might very profitably spend his time in writing for his own instruction and amusement, but whether he ought then to publish it, or throw it into the fire, must depend upon his sensitiveness to criticism, and his capacity for taking advice.

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER.*

NO one can have attempted to form a critical estimate of the translations of Homer which have appeared of late years without having the conviction forced upon him that our scholars have done less than justice to the original. In truth, although in some public schools he has been a time-honoured study, Homer (if the shade of Wolf and the bodily presence of Mr. Paley will allow us to speak of such a person) has never received at our Universities the consideration due to his unapproachable greatness as a poet. Edited indeed he was by Joshua Barnes at Cambridge in 1711, but so little assurance did publishers feel that the edition would sell, that the professor had to print it at his own

* *The Odyssey of Homer*. Edited, with Marginal References, &c., by Henry Hayman, B.D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. Vol. I. Books I.—VI. London: David Nutt. 1866.

expense, or rather at that of the rich widow whom he had married, and whose sanction he obtained by persuading her that the *Iliad* was written by King Solomon. Faulty as Barnes's edition was, a most competent authority, Bishop Monk, pronounced it more useful than its predecessors, and preferable to aught that appeared for ninety years after it. This speaks ill for the taste of our forefathers, as well as their scholarship; though indeed they seem to have felt some little shame on the subject, for good intentions of editing Homer are ascribed to more great names than one, especially to Richard Bentley, who made the important discovery of the Digamma, but left nothing else save a mass of corrections and notes. The Glasgow edition of Clark's Homer (1814) is a serviceable book, but we cannot claim it as a native, because it is a reprint of the earlier edition of Ernesti. The Homer of Richard Payne Knight is curious as an undesigned caricature of the Digamma, and as a bulky monument of labour misapplied. And of late years, except the inadequate edition of Trollope, the forgotten volumes of Brandreth, and the avowed compilation from the Germans by T. K. Arnold, no proof until this year has been given of ability amongst us to produce an edition of Homer worthy of our advanced scholarship. Promises, indeed, there have been. The *Bibliotheca Classica* has for years been in travail with an *Iliad*. The interesting stranger arrived this year, almost simultaneously with a not less important, though less widely heralded, contribution to Homeric study, in the first volume of a comprehensive edition of the *Odyssey* by Mr. Hayman. In such a state of things as we have sketched, gratitude would be due to any mere Curtius who should volunteer to fill up the long-felt void; but when, as is the case with the volume before us, a philosophically edited *Odyssey* gladdens the eyes of English scholars, to fail of greeting it with interest would argue indifference to classical studies, as well as treason to Homer. Such neglect will not be the fate of Mr. Hayman's *Odyssey*, if manful grappling with difficulties, masterly handling of collateral subjects, and honest as well as successful elucidation of textual and grammatical questions are a valid title to favourable reception. No longer will there be cause for depreciation of the *Odyssey* in comparison with the *Iliad*, seeing that a thoroughly useful and practical edition of the former will now be within reach of all who seek to form a just appreciation of its many charms. For ourselves, we entirely coincide in Mr. Hayman's opinion, that increased currency of Greek amongst us would reverse that preference for the *Iliad* which has been taken by us at second-hand from the ancients. While the wrath of Achilles expends itself by the ships of the Greeks, and in the limited area of the Troad, the wanderings of Ulysses are a many-changing drama, a narrative the versatility of which has influenced adventurous fiction ever since; while the delineations of female character are so perfect that we must either abandon our vaunt of superior civilization, or accord to Homer a refinement far in advance of his era.

And yet this Homer is the master-mind whom Wolf and his followers would resolve into a coalition of any number of rhapsodists, and whom Payne Knight and others dualize in devout pursuance of the chorizontic theory. If, as a nation, educated England has done little to make Homer native in the way of scholarly editing, at least she has in the main repudiated the speculative theories of dismemberment propounded by the Wolfian school. And to such sturdy champions of a single and undivided Homer as the gallant and downright Mure, and our earnest if more fanciful Chancellor of the Exchequer, is now added a *παραγωγικὸς* of by no means third-rate merit or power in the writer of the closely-argued preface to the work before us. Here are no *ipse dixit* urged in default of solid argument, no showy special pleadings to disguise lack of research among authorities that ought to be read and known. Mr. Hayman gives tokens of having taken full measure of his subject, and spared no pains to square his conclusions with the requirements of accuracy and erudition. Convinced of the unity of authorship, and that at all events the two poems stand on the same ground as to language and subject-matter, he has so edited the earlier books of the *Odyssey* that they will serve for general Homeric study, and not merely for that portion of it of which they treat. To this study the preface will be a valuable contribution. With the question of the date when the Homeric poems were first reduced to writing, it deals as temperately as skilfully, holding the balance even between Wolf and Mure, and, whilst considering the written form as earlier in date than the former would allow, discerning in peculiarities of language, iterations of phrase, and constant graftings of one set of words upon another, more traces of an originally oral character than consist with the view of the latter. This opinion is illustrated by numerous cases where Homer grafts phrase on phrase, after a fashion in which a bard relying solely on his memory would find it convenient to compose. And to some such oral character, it is urged, is referable the existence of "variants," the safeguard of the letter being wanting to secure identity of phrase. Written copies for the rhapsodists' use may have existed before Solon's date; but the crude text of his day received accuracy and arrangement under Pisistratus, before whose time readers would have arisen, and an advised text would have become needful to remedy fluctuations among the readings of rhapsodists. That text arrived at fixedness about 200 B.C., owing to the critical attention then bestowed on Homer's poems, and to their use as school-books. Another interesting argument of the preface is that which discusses the genuineness of the Homeric word-forms, which, Mr. Hayman contends, would be kept pure by the claims of metre, the rhapsodist's art, and the

poet's hold on national enthusiasm. Poets of every dialect display familiarity with Homer; and it is a strong ground for the identity of the received text with that which Homer used, that corruptions, had they existed, must have diverged into as many channels as there were dialects. Some trace of these would be left, even if we admit the supposition of a later fusing-down.

On the question of interpolations made so much of by Payne Knight, Bekker, and Lachmann, Mr. Hayman's views are also temperate and probable. Conceding the point as regards the primitive age of poetry, when the poet was nothing and the poem everything, and when interpolation did not imply fraud, and allowing reverence for Homer to be of a later growth, he argues the extreme unlikelihood of interpolation of whole rhapsodies from the severity with which the earlier critics excised such, and the ease with which they might be detected. In fact, his tone is commendably conservative, and in unison with the feeling of the English literary world as regards Homeric questions. His advocacy of the test of congruity with the *ἦθος* of the speaker in the case of debatable passages (e.g. *Od. II. 276-7*, where Bekker condemns two lines in the speech of Mentor, which Mr. Hayman shows to be very apposite as addressed to a youth by an elder, whose province is to "state maxims"—see *Aristot. Rhet. II. 21*) as the safest criterion of interpolation, ought to act as a check on those wholesale suspicions of spuriousness which are meat and drink to some over-acute critics.

It will be guessed that Mr. Hayman has no sympathy with those who either invalidate the unity of authorship as regards the *Iliad*, or go in for the separate authorship of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The latter question he examines at considerable length, both availing himself of the arguments of others, and supporting these with acute corroborations of his own. While he unveils, step by step, the weakness of relying on supposed differences in word-forms, phrases, grammar, costume, religion, morals, social progress, he reiterates the great criterion, before mentioned, of ethical congruity. Are the characters of the *Odyssey* essentially the same as they were in the *Iliad*, allowance being made for differences of time, age, and circumstances? When Payne Knight argues separate authorship from the development of social life and the arts in the *Odyssey* above the *Iliad*, it might occur to any one to urge the difference between home-life and the tented field. When he finds confirmation of his separatist crochets in the strings of the lyre being of flax in the *Iliad*, but of gut in the *Odyssey*, Mr. Hayman aptly asks, Is the latter expedient, as Payne Knight would make out, a piece of higher civilization than the former? or, if it be, is it so certain that *λίον*, in *II. xviii. 570*, does not mean the "Lay of Linus," and not "flax" at all? In our opinion, Mr. Hayman goes to the furthest safe limit of concession in allowing that Homer, "though not the symbol for a series of minds, as some would have him to be, may be viewed as the last term of a series, greater than all which had preceded it." We have not patience with those who charge the *Iliad* with patching and incompleteness, because it is a drama, and not a diary, and who hold that there have been Homeric poems, but that our *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are only epitomes or selections from them. If what we have is what it is, how rich a treasure have we lost!

So replete with interest is this portion of the preface, that it seems a sin to quit it without ampler and juster notice; but it deserves something better than analysis, whilst it will quite repay minute perusal. We turn, therefore, to the consideration of the commentary itself, which has one novel feature, especially noteworthy, and indicative apparently that Homer is to Mr. Hayman, as Shakspeare was to Archbishop Sharp, second only to the Bible. We allude to the marginal references, which greatly subserve the only true principle of editing—namely, letting an author illustrate himself. To no author perhaps will this apply equally with Homer; from no help will a clearer light be reflected on the coincidences in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, most likely to convince us of unity of authorship. To younger students this help will be invaluable; to no one indeed who approaches the text and notes in a workmanlike fashion, can the assistance offered by the margin fall of being instructive and interesting. That portion of the introductory matter which furnishes an account of the ancient editors and commentators is a new and laudable feature; and the elaborate account of MSS. may attract some, though, as there has been no collation of these for the present work, it might perhaps have been omitted. But the volume would assert its editor's claim to high rank among scholars, did it contain nothing more than its faithful and erudite commentary. Seldom have we journeyed through the pages of a classic with a more helpful and sensible companion; one who more successfully husbands strength and power, not wasting them on trite quotation and conventional commonplace; one who, as little as any of his class we are acquainted with, throws the student on his own resources when a real difficulty occurs. His criticisms, when minute, betray no littleness of mind; his illustrations betoken wide range of study, reading, and observation. Though his critical and grammatical notes are anything but suggestive of a desert, we often realize in his pertinent quotations from English poetry veritable "oases." And if here and there we have detected his Leipzig printer in transposing notes after a very perplexing fashion, it indicates our value of a lost note when found, that we never rest until our search is successful. Nor are the notes merely critical and explanatory. Often they have a philosophical interest, and assist us to realize the incomparable height of Homer's moral standard above that of all other heathen poets. For example, almost at the outset (*Od. I. 34-5*) there is a note upon the double sense of *ὄρις μῦρον* in these lines, showing that a moral element was involved,

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according to Homer's view, in man's lot. "Men incur woes gratuitously by their own infatuation, as Ægisthus did by acting unmeasurably." Comparing the note here with that on Od. V. 436, we find the words so explained as to show the same underlying general notion coming to the surface in a slightly varied shade of meaning, as cases differ. ὅτι μὲν implies "that there is a lot of suffering which could not ordinarily be avoided, but might be increased or anticipated," as ὅτι δὲ αἶσαν, in Il. XVII. 321, denotes transcending the ordinary measure of success. Μοῖρα, the personification of μέρος, might, according to Homer's belief, be overcome for good or ill by human energy, much more by divine intervention. By comparison of Od. III. 236, more light is thrown on the subject, and we are taught that μοῖρ' ὀλοή is the arbitress, holding death over mortals, and that all struggles with her, which we note in different passages, are but procrastinations of doom, and not escapes from it. In another note on V. 113, Mr. Hayman distinguishes between αἶσα, as used in relation to the evil, and μοῖρα to the good, which befalls a man. Probably here the distinction is accidental, and unsafe to apply to other cases. Other instructive notes, bearing on Homer's scheme of moral government, may be found at I. 348-9 (ἀλλὰ ποθὶ Ζεὺς αἰτίας), and at Il. 134, where δαίμων is shown to be used mostly in a bad sense in the Odyssey, whereas in Hesiod δαίμονες has the force of "good angels," or at any rate of departed spirits, influencing for good the world they have left; an argument, by the way, for the primitive, or at any rate un-Hesiodic, date of the Odyssey.

As a sample of discriminative handling of obscure words and passages in this edition, we select the note on Od. IV. 606, concerning Ithaca, which is said to be ἀγέροτος καὶ μάλλον ἐπὶ ἡρώτων ἢ ποταμῶν. Here Nitsch's interpretation of ἐπὶ ἡρώτων, "exposed, lofty, jutting," is properly set aside, as against analogy and etymology. The derivation can hardly be other than ἱππῶν, as in Hesiod, Pindar, and elsewhere in Homer. Mr. Hayman rightly prefers taking καὶ as for καὶ, "and yet," to Löwe's interpretation "quamvis"; and offers a probable suggestion that V. 606 ought to follow V. 608, ἱθακὴ δὲ καὶ περὶ πασσίων. The sense would then be, "none of the isles that slope to the sea are fit for horses, or well-pastured, and Ithaca beyond all others is goat-browsed, yet still 'tis dearer than a horse-feeding land." May there not here be a reference to the intensity of patriotism in islanders and mountaineers? Mr. Hayman's solution of another puzzling line is also very successful. In Nausicaa's description of the Phæacian harbour (Od. VI. 265), the narrow way into which is lined with ships, it is said πάντων γὰρ ἱστίων ἰσὺν ἰκάστω; where Eustathius and others rightly derive ἰστίον from ἰστίον, ἰστία, focus. The word ἰκάστω clearly points to an ἰστίον, whatever that was, belonging to each individual, not, as some translators make it appear, to each ship. Our present editor, taking ἰστίον as "the centre of family life," draws from it an apt sense for ἰστίον. "Each had a spot (namely, where his ship is drawn up) belonging to the family." Forum, sanctuary, harbour, were all close together for this maritime people. Seafaring habits were taken up into their domestic and civic life. Hence the number of ships that lined the way, and the explanatory force of γὰρ in the half line quoted.

But our limits enable us to give but a faint notion of the care and minuteness bestowed in this edition on every question arising out of the text. The name of Phemius, the minstrel (I. 154), calls forth a note on Homer's coinage of subordinate names adapted to character and circumstances. The word ἰδυίαιον (Il. 167) suggests a convincing section, in Appendix A 17 (3), to confirm the verbal force of the word by geographical considerations. The rambling speeches of Nestor (III. 102-200), and his taste for punning in old-man-fashion (of 124, *ibid.*) are brought to prove coincidence between Nestor here and Nestor in the Iliad—an argument worked out at large in reference to this and all the other chief characters in Appendix E. This ethical appendix, which constitutes half the value of the volume, is really exhaustive; whilst Appendix F throws far more light on the Homeric Gallery, and the Homeric Palace, than any edition of Homer we know.

Happy hits of verbal illustration also meet us up and down this volume, as, e.g., where, in I. 348, ἀνδράων ἀλόγητον is compared with our phrases "knights-errant" and "merchant-adventurers," and where the adjective in the phrase ἔρμασιν ἐν περικλοῖσιν is interpreted "waterproof." The translation of μελαίνῃ φρενὶ καλυπθεῖς (IV. 402) "clad in swart fur," though ingenious, is perhaps a little strained, and "For every go" is rather unparliamentary English for πάντων ἐπ' ἑσθῶν (*ibid.*, 334). In Od. II. 181, ἐπ' ἀνὰ γὰρ ἡμελίοιο most likely indicates "fixed position," but is it quite safe to illustrate the phrase by Virgil's "Multum fletu ad superos" (Æn. VI. 481), where the motion of "wailing raised to the heavens" is most certainly implied?

But to mention a flaw or speck, infinitesimally small, is ungracious where there is so much to praise, and where so solid a boon is conferred alike upon scholars and tiro. An occasion may arise, on the appearance of the two volumes in which the editor hopes to complete his work, for dwelling more at large on the exceedingly valuable appendices which, though given with the first volume, relate in point of fact to the whole Odyssey. Meanwhile, it must suffice to pronounce that Mr. Hayman's Odyssey, if finished as it has been begun, will deserve a first rank among European, and the very first place among English, contributions to the elucidation and interpretation of Homer.

ACROSS MEXICO IN 1864-5.*

MR. BULLOCK appears to have spent four months of the winter 1864-5 on the whole very pleasantly, if sometimes very uncomfortably, in knocking about the dominions of the Emperor Maximilian. Now inside or outside of a crazy diligence, now mounted on a good horse and now on a bad one, here entertained with graceful and luxurious hospitality by English residents, there obliged to shift for himself among the very narrow stock of conveniences which Mexico provides for the unfrequent foreign voyager, he contrived between the beginning of December and the end of March to collect along the road from Vera Cruz to the Pacific a sufficient stock of impressions of Mexican travel to freight a goodly and readable volume. Only on one occasion did Mr. Bullock come across any of the Liberal party, and his appreciation of the Juarists is therefore likely to be mainly founded upon whatever *ex parte* statements the Imperialists who conversed with him may have made against them. But, fortunately for its readers, the book does not profess to be in any sense a political one, or anything beyond the simple story of an intelligent and spirited tourist, who has found the customs and landscape of Mexico sufficiently interesting to make him wish to delineate them for the benefit of his friends at home.

There can be no doubt that Cortez and his followers found the Mexico of their day very different from Castile and Arragon; and we may certainly say that the readers of Mr. Bullock's book will still find Mexico very different from either the country or the cities of England. The Tierra Caliente, a flowery wilderness of acacia, convolvulus, cactus, oleander, and other shrubs, destitute of human interest except a few squalid Indian villages, with the mighty peak of Orizaba frowning over it from the inland distance, is probably even now not much changed in its general features from the scene which met the eyes of the great Spanish conqueror. Its Arcadian landscape has, however, succumbed to the dominion of the latest invader, the railway from Vera Cruz towards Mexico, which at present deposits its passengers at a temporary terminus some fifty miles from the sea, at the threshold of the Tierra Templada, or temperate region. From this point Mr. Bullock started for his first equestrian adventure, on a sorry Mexican pony, equipped with every variety of excellently constructed and needless furniture that the ingenuity of a London saddler can devise. Notwithstanding the natural temptations to brigandage afforded by the deep-wooded gullies which intersect the road, the solitary horseman and his bran-new saddlery reached Orizaba safely after a four days' ride; a fact which might seem to show some improvement in the highway morals of Mexico under its present régime, if we were not told that the driver of the regular diligence had been shot dead upon his box a few weeks before Mr. Bullock passed by that road.

Thackeray says somewhere that the best way to enjoy the East is to go to Smyrna in a steamer direct from England, walk about its bazaars for an hour or two, return on board your vessel, and steam straight back again. No more searching process of investigation will leave so fresh and forcible a reflex of the strange romance of the *Arabian Nights* stamped upon the Western tourist's memory. The East is spoiled by going behind the scenes. Mr. Bullock holds a similar doctrine with respect to the enjoyment of Mexican landscape. He tells us that no one whose main object is fine scenery should attempt to penetrate beyond Orizaba. Were the traveller, "instead of climbing the Cumbres, which lead to the bare unsightly table-land, to turn to the right, and keep in the green zone along the slope of the hills till he reached Jalapa, and return hence *via* Tampico or Vera Cruz to Europe, he would declare, when he got home, that Mexico was the most enchanting country in the world." If he goes further in search of the much vaunted charms that captivated the Spanish conquerors, he will fare worse. "The beautiful approach to the Mexican table-land through the Terra Caliente and the Tierra Templada is as deceptive as the magnificent façades to their poor cathedrals, or the handsome stone gateways leading absolutely to nothing, on which you often stumble in different parts of the country." The answer is, that no educated traveller would go to Mexico entirely and purely for the sake of fine scenery. To turn back to Europe without seeing the scene of the most wonderful death-struggle ever fought out in the history of the American continent, because the actual picturesqueness of the site was inferior to that of the surrounding region, would be like going to see *Hamlet* with a determination to shut your eyes to everything but the beauty of the fair Ophelia. Even Mr. Bullock allows that the influence of historical associations renders it difficult to look upon the valley of Mexico for the first time without some kind of emotion. But he strenuously asserts that he sought in vain for those elements of intrinsic beauty which the consent of ages has attributed to the "valley of Anahuac," and he takes every opportunity of putting on record a solemn protest against the opinion which he has no doubt people will conspire to hold till the end of the world. Perhaps Mr. Bullock and his adversaries have managed to look at the different sides of the shield, for he observes, fairly enough, that the finest feature of the view does not show itself to the voyager going towards Mexico from Orizaba:—

It must be borne in mind that the traveller approaching from the east has his back turned upon the snow-capped volcanoes Popocatepetl and Iztacchuatl, which lend whatever of grandeur it possesses to the valley

* Across Mexico in 1864-5. By W. H. Bullock. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1866.

of Mexico. Constantly at morning and evening to behold these two mountains lighted up by the rays of the rising and setting sun is the most beautiful sight in the world. Take them away, and, in spite of the deep blue sky, it would be easy to match the rest of the picture in ugliness.

With equally laudable plainness of speech, Mr. Bullock proceeds to demolish the popular belief in the beauty of the city of Mexico:—

During my whole residence in Mexico, I made a constant effort to find the city as beautiful as travellers, from Humboldt downwards, describe it as being. Under one aspect alone could I find anything at all to admire about it. When seen by moonlight, it was impossible not to be struck by the faultless symmetry of the streets. But by the broad light of day, I could find nothing more to admire about Mexico than about Mannheim, or any other city built at right angles with itself.

And again:—

Much has been written of the striking effect of the Plaza Mayor, or great square of Mexico; but, like the rest of the city, it seemed to me that only when viewed by moonlight was there anything at all attractive about it. What charity is in the moral, that is the moon in the material world, and as charity is said to cover a multitude of sins, so does the moon shed her light so tenderly over the deformities which by day are so offensive to the sojourner in the capital of Montezuma, that she even makes things of beauty out of hideous objects. The open black drains, for instance, which are so uninviting by daylight, by moonlight positively assume an attractive appearance, and their unsavoury odour alone betrays their disguise.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this drain!

has certainly a twang of the anticlimax of romance, which is not pleasant to the imagination even of those who, year after year, have been used to see her light sleeping upon the dubious waters of the Thames. Mr. Bullock is not more enthusiastic, in speaking of the public buildings of the city severally, than in his general view of the Plaza Mayor. The University is morally and architecturally "insignificant to the last degree." The National (now Imperial) Palace, usually called by American writers "the halls of Montezuma," is "more like a long grange than a royal residence." The huge cathedral is "uninteresting." The one strikingly fine building in the whole city is the Minería, or School of Mines, the last legacy left by the Spanish Government to the Mexican nation.

We said that the readers of this volume would find Mexico different from an English city. Imagine the following substitute for that emblem of busy curtness, the postman's double-knock:—

I presume that the postman is mounted with a view to a more expeditious delivery of letters, but I could hardly fancy an arrangement less likely to answer the end in view. For in the first place the nature of the Mexican streets is such as to render riding over them a highly dangerous operation at all times; and in the second place it is exceedingly rare for any one to be at the door to receive letters, so that the postman, who has never been known to dismount, may be seen waiting any length of time at the entrance till somebody should either go in or go out, when he will feebly stretch out his hand, and request any casual visitor to take charge of the letters for the whole house.

Foreign critics of English peculiarities are apt to talk of our national stiffness of demeanour. Perhaps we can hardly deny the truth of the impeachment; but we may feel some satisfaction in reflecting with Mr. Bullock that, if we are stiff, we cannot simultaneously be "limp," as the Mexicans are. Nothing, says he, strikes a stranger (that is, of course, a stiff English stranger) so much in Mexico as the limpness of the natives. "You feel an irresistible longing to put a little starch into them, but it is not to be done. Their limpness is apparent in their whole behaviour, whether engaged in business or pleasure. The only thing the Mexicans are not limp about is their gambling." Even Anglo-Saxon stiffness and energy would in time relax themselves under the Mexican atmosphere into congenial limpness, but for the regular use of the two best preventives, British cricket and British beer. The English mercantile community of Mexico has played cricket regularly on Sundays at the village of Naples during at least the last forty years; and Mr. Bullock was assured by the cricketers that "political events" (the fighting of opposing factions upon the surrounding hills) had never been allowed by them to interfere with the regular observance of their Sunday game. Where cricket has reigned, cricket follows. Mr. Bullock for a moment verges on a limited enthusiasm in speaking of the lawns of Tacubaya, where he believes himself to have had the honour of taking part in the first game of croquet ever played in the land of Montezuma.

If the Mexicans are "limp" (a term which we take to be intended to illustrate and explain all the economical and moral peculiarities which have hitherto been lumped together by travellers as *cosas de Meico*), they are characterized by a degree of politeness which is not to be found among less flaccid nations. Mr. Bullock gives an instance which it would be difficult to parallel in any European capital. In "doing" the convent of San Juan de la Penitencia, one of the few monastic establishments spared by Juárez, intelligent curiosity impelled the true Briton to ask of a chance bystander how many nuns it contained. The Mexican gentleman politely regretted that he could not tell. When Mr. Bullock had left the church, and gone a mile or more on his homeward road (and probably had forgotten the subject altogether), he was overtaken by the courteous stranger with the information, "Cien tantas monjas"—a hundred odd nuns. To be so treated in London would make an ordinary mortal rather ashamed of the habit of asking unprofitable questions; but probably the Mexican had no earthly business which might better have occupied his mind and time.

One of the curious *cosas de Meico* mentioned by Mr. Bullock is the fact that the earliest railway in the country was made to convey pilgrims two and a half miles from the capital to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Along the line are eight

praying stations; but the locomotive, being of American construction (and therefore, we presume our author to mean, of heterodox principles), "has not been trained to stop at the stations," the utility of which appears questionable. Possibly pilgrims of undoubted devotion alone are allowed to go through by express trains.

From the capital Mr. Bullock proceeded by Morelia, Guadalajara, and Tepic, to the shore of the Pacific at San Blas. Returning by another route, he finally left the inland plateau for Tampico and the Gulf of Mexico in March 1865. Among his interesting memories will be found agreeably detailed the inevitable bull-fight, a carnival at Tepic, a ride round the Lake of Tezcuco, trips to a cotton plantation near Santiago and to the high mining district at Real del Monte, and other topics of Mexican travel which would naturally come in the way of an independent English tourist blessed with good spirits and sufficient bodily strength and activity. Mr. Bullock met with no positively serious adventure of being shot at by the Juaristas as an Imperialist, by the Imperialists as a Juarist, or by brigands unattached as an honest and well-to-do man; but his recollections of Mexico, now that the excitement of the moment is over, are probably just as pleasant as if he had incidentally been made a target of, or bid to stand and deliver.

THE ROMANCE OF MERLIN.*

THE horror *naturalis* with which one cannot help looking forward to the prospect of more late mediæval romances about King Arthur is, in this case, somewhat lightened by the prospect of an Introductory Essay by Mr. Nash, a scholar who is known to have given much attention to Welsh literature, and who therefore at all events deserves a hearing. We had something to say about Merlin a good while ago, before the Early English Text Society began its labours, when reviewing the work specially devoted to him by the Viscount de la Villemarqué.† We remember that we thought some of the Viscount's speculations a little wild, and we find that Mr. Nash thinks the same. Mr. Nash, in short, writes in the spirit of a critic, and the Viscount does not. The Viscount takes all the Welsh Triads for gospel; Mr. Nash sets very little store by them. The Viscount accepts Merlin as an historical person; Mr. Nash holds that "we ought to look upon the figure of the great enchanter as a pure work of fiction woven in with the historical threads which belong to the epoch of the Saxon wars in Britain." In this last sentence, though the metaphor makes us halt for a moment to catch the writer's sense, there is no doubt that Mr. Nash has achieved the difficult task of talking sense and metaphor at the same time.

In this legend, as in all legends, it is wonderful how much more each fresh writer knows than the writer who went next before him. Nennius has the story of the child born without a human father, but his mother stoutly maintains that he had no father at all. Geoffrey of Monmouth knew that the child was begotten by an incubus, and helps us to some details and to some philosophy on the subject, all which philosophy is vigorously refuted by William of Newburgh in that wonderful preface to which we called attention when dealing with the Viscount de la Villemarqué. We have referred to that preface again, and with renewed admiration. For people who prate about the Dark Ages there could hardly be a better discipline than to see the great myth-monger of the twelfth century smitten hip and thigh by a critic of his own age. But if the wrath of William was thus called forth by Geoffrey, what would he have said to the romance now before us? The author had evidently been taken into all the secrets of Pandæmonium; he knows how everything was discussed beforehand in the infernal conclave; he knows the exact causes and every detail of the diabolic courtship; he knows all about the damsel's parents and sisters, and their exact relations to men and angels, good and evil. It is curious however that, in one or two details, he quits Geoffrey and falls back on the earlier version of Nennius. For instance, with him, as with Nennius, the mother does not know how she has conceived the wonderful babe, while in Geoffrey she has a story to tell about it. Neither does he, like Geoffrey, make her a nun and the daughter of a King of Dyfed, but only of a certain rich man. But in everything else our tale-teller has a vast deal more to tell than Geoffrey. He is specially great in demonology, but his studies lead him to the same conclusion which appears in the grotesque title of one of Ben Jonson's plays "The Devil's an Ass." The fiends devise various wicked devices, but "Full grete foles were thei whan they wende that our Lorde should have no knowledge of their ordenance." Geoffrey does not get so deep as this, and as for the sceptical Newburgh, he really seems to have known very little more about the nature of angels than Dr. Maitland himself. Geoffrey's philosophy on the matter may be best expressed in the hexameters of the *Gesta Regum Britannicæ*, which we noticed some time ago. The poet evidently had some notion of Lucretius, as Geoffrey had of Apuleius:—

Dixerat. Inde magos Rex consultat et sapientes,
Qui de naturis rerum discernere nōrunt.

* *Merlin, or the Early History of King Arthur*. A Prose Romance (about 1450-1460 A.D.) Edited from the unique MS. in the University Library, Cambridge, by Henry B. Wheatley. With an Introduction by D. W. Nash, Esq., F.S.A. Part I. London: published for the Early English Text Society, by Trübner & Co. 1865.

† *Saturday Review*, June 7, 1862.

‡ See *Saturday Review*, September 26, 1863.

*Equibus unus adest Maganeus, omnibus illis
Doctior; alloquitur hunc Rex, et querit an illud
Quod narrat mater parvi, natura creatrix
Permittit fieri. Cui sic Maganeus inquit:
'Luna subest soli, distantque loco. Locus ille
Demonibus datus est, qui sumptis sepe virili
Forma, decipit fatuas, gravidantque puellas.
Hujus forte fuit parvi pater incubo talis.'*

It is a little startling when Mr. Nash professes his opinion that "in the original legend, as it existed in the eighth or ninth centuries, the wonderful child who afterwards developed into Merlin was identical with Aurelius Ambrosius, the conqueror of Vortigern." Yet it looks very much as if it were so. The story in Nennius knows nothing of the name of Merlin, and the child distinctly says "Ambrosius vocor," and "Unus est pater meus de Consulibus Romanorum gentis." Moreover Vortigern grants him a kingdom and his fortress on Snowdon. "Arcem dedit Rex illi cum omnibus regnis occidentalis plagæ Britannie." Now the existence both of Vortigern and Ambrosius is guaranteed by Dr. Guest, and he also identifies Ambrosius with the British King Natanleod, killed in battle with Cerdic and Cynric in 508. There has been a good deal of disputing about Natanleod, but who ever before thought he was Merlin? Mr. Nash, as might be expected, quite casts aside the Viscount de la Villemarqué's notion about Myrddin—which, it must be remarked, is the real Welsh form—having anything to do with a god Marsus, the Marsi, &c. As we understand him, he makes Merlin Ambrosius get confounded with a certain Myrddin called Silvestris or Caledonicus, a legendary, or, as Mr. Nash thinks, historical, worthy of Strathclyde in the sixth century. The Welsh of Wales have in this case, as in others, appropriated to themselves legends and heroes which properly belong to the extinct, or utterly transformed, Welsh of Strathclyde. The process was easy. No kingdom or people, not even excepting the Kingdom of Burgundy, has passed so completely out of memory as the Strathclyde Welsh. Yet it was a conquering State as late as the seventh century, and an independent State as late as the tenth. Its language has gone, surviving only in some local names. The country is divided between England and Scotland, and its inhabitants have become English and Scotch respectively. The Strathclyde traditions, obsolete in their own country, have been seized by the Southern Welsh, and fairly enough, as the only Cymric-speaking people in the island may justly represent themselves as the heirs of their departed brethren. Thus the personality of Strathclyde Myrddin got mixed up with that of our Merlin Ambrosius, and, if we rightly follow Mr. Nash, a confusion of names took place also. Merlin, as applied to Ambrosius, is a corruption of *Mab-leian*, "the son of the nun," which in Geoffrey's legend he is described as being. We do not pledge ourselves to all this, but the two Merlins are very clearly distinguished by Ralph Higden in the Polychronicon.

Uther, the father of Arthur, naturally fills a prominent part in this tale, in the character so evidently borrowed from (or cognate with) the story of Zeus and Alcmena. But Uther is rejected by Dr. Guest as an imaginary person, never heard of before the appearance of Geoffrey's pretended history. But in Arthur, and at least one of his battles with the English, Dr. Guest believes. "His relation to Ambrosius, however, is evidently a fiction, and one which we probably owe to the mendacious history we have just referred to. He seems to have been the nephew of a petty King in the West of Britain, and to have been elected to the supreme command solely on account of his soldierly qualities." He places his death in 542. The battle of Mons Badonicus, not Bath but Badbury in Dorsetshire, comes in 520. Mr. Nash seems to place him in a different quarter:—

Certain it is that there are two Celtic—we may perhaps say two Cymric—localities in which the legends of Arthur and Merlin have been deeply implanted and to this day remain living traditions cherished by the peasantry of these two countries, and that neither of these is Wales or Britain west of the Severn. It is in Brittany and in the old Cumbrian kingdom south of the Frith of Forth, that the legends of Arthur and Merlin have taken root and flourished. Geoffrey of Monmouth represents Merlin as living in the country of the Gewisseans "at the fountain of Galabes, which he frequently resorted to." In Brittany his resort was the forest of Brocheude, in which was also a fountain of mysterious virtue. In the Vita Merlini, the Caledonian Merlin is described as seated, after his calamity, by the side of a fountain of healing waters.

*Fons erat in summo cujusdam vertice montis
Undique præcinctus corulis densisque fructibus
Illic Merlinus condebat; inde per omnes
Spectabat silvas cursusque locosque ferarum.*

The original locality of the traditions which have furnished the groundwork of these world-renowned romances is probably the Cumbrian region taken in its widest extent from the Friths of Forth and Clyde southward and westward along the borders of the Northumbrian kingdom, in which the famous exploits of the British Cymric struggle with the Northumbrian Angles became the theme of a native minstrelsy, transplanted into Brittany by the refugees from the Saxon conquest, and moulded into the romances with which we have been made acquainted, by the Norman trouvères.

Mr. Nash's preface starts points of so much interest that we thought it right to examine it at once separately. Of the romance itself we have only a first part breaking off quite abruptly, and for whatever Mr. Whentley may have to say about the story, its manuscript, its philology, &c., we are to wait for the last part, for it appears that there are to be many. What we have now is only a sixth portion of the whole. We gather that the story is a translation from a French original. We confess that the prospect of 768 pages of Merlin frightens us, unless Mr. Nash can be got to write another Essay at each stage of the

business. We know it is very heretical; but the love for these Arthurian tales puzzles us more and more. Of course we want to get to the bottom of the legend by the help of Dr. Guest, or Mr. Nash or anybody else. And the three stages of Gildas, Nennius, and Geoffrey prove something. But what can be proved by a romance of the fifteenth century, any more than by a romance of the nineteenth century? Each may prove something about its own century, but neither can prove anything about the days of Arthur. For historical purposes the Idyls of the King are just as good as the Romance of Merlin. As a matter of philology, we may remark that the letter Thorn (þ) still occurs now and then, but, it strikes us, only in the word *pat*. And the book has suggested another point, though any other book of the same date might have suggested it just as well. We still have *fader*, *moder*, *togeder*. Whence came the modern forms, and when? *Vater*, *Mutter*, *Bruder* are, according to rule, represented in English by *Fæder*, *Modor*, *Broðor*. How is it that the two former have, seemingly in the sixteenth century, taken to themselves the *ð* which seems rightly to belong only to the third? But, on the other hand, the modern forms answer, according to rule, to the Greek *πατήρ* and *μήτηρ*. So is the case with *gaderien* and the works connected with it, *gather*, *together*, &c. They too have somehow introduced the *ð* in later times. One might think that we were so proud of being able to sound a letter which most other nations cannot that we dragged it in when it was not wanted. Yet, on the other hand, *moðor*, *murðer*, has become *murder* almost within memory, and *byrðen*, *burthen*, is also proscribed; printers nowadays usually prefer *burden*. Again, Dr. Guest remarks that in Hampshire *th* is often substituted for initial *d*. In Somersetshire again initial *d* is constantly substituted for *th*, *dree* for *three*. Now these peculiarities—the latter certainly, perhaps the former—are distinctively High-Dutch. How did they get into a country, where, if anything is not Saxon, it may be expected to be Welsh?

To return to our Merlin, we cannot refrain from an extract or two from the glorious *Anti-Galfridus* of Willelmus Parvus of Newburgh—*μυρὸς ἐν ὀνόματι ἀλλὰ μαχητῆς*—we could wish he were still living to execute justice on literary pretenders. The Austin Canon of the twelfth century would be just the man to upset more than one of the impostors of the nineteenth:—

Quid enim minus in præscientia dumtaxat futurorum tribuit suo Merlino, quam nos nostro Esaie: nisi quod ejus vaticiniis non audet inserere, "hæc dicit Dominus," et erubuit inserere, "hæc dicit diabolus;" quippe hoc debuit congruere vati, incubi demonis filio. Cum ergo nec tenem de his veteres historici fecerunt mentionem, liquet a mendacibus esse confecta quæcunque de Arturo atque Merlino, ad ascendam minus prudentium curiositate, homo ille scribendo vulgavit. Et notandum, quod eundem Arturum postea rebus in bello letaliter vulneratum, regno disposito, ad curanda vulnera sua abiisse in illam quam Britannice fingunt fabula insulam Avallois; propter metum Britonum non audens eum dicere mortuum, quem adhuc vere bruti Britones expectant venturum. De successoribus vero Arturi pari impudentia mentitur, tribuens eis usque ad septimam feræ generationem Britannie nobiliter imperantes. Ut ergo eidem Bede, de cujus sapientie et sinceritate dubitare fas non est, fides in omnibus habeatur; fabulator ille cum suis fabulis incunctanter ab omnibus respiciatur.

MISS ROSSETTI'S POEMS.*

MISS ROSSETTI'S poems are of the kind which recalls Shelley's definition of poetry as "the record of the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds." As an account of all poetry—of poetry in the abstract—this is too visibly inadequate, unless "best" is used in a sense which begs the question; but it describes with a peculiar nicety the temper and quality of compositions which are full of tenderness and susceptibility and grace, though lacking the size and energy which are the distinctive marks of all high and enduring sorts of poetry. There is a lightly tuneful meditateness about most of Miss Rossetti's verses which in a manner stamps them thus, as records of the best moments of one of the happiest minds. They have the delicious and truly poetic effect of striking us as things overheard, as if they were the unconscious outcome of the most harmonious moods, in which a hearer is neither suspected nor wished. They are like the piping of a bird on a spray in the sunshine, or the quaint singing with which a child amuses itself when it forgets that anybody is listening. There is not much thinking in them, not much high or deep feeling, no passion, and no sense of the vast blank space which a great poet always finds encompassing the ideas of life and nature and human circumstance. But they are melodious and sweet, and marked with that peculiar calm which lay at the root of Shelley's notion of happiness as an essential condition of poetry. Praise is so extravagantly lavished on people who are very naturally more than content to be judged as minor poets, that when one comes to describe a person who is really a poet, but still only with comparatively slender powers of flight, the right words have ceased to be available because all the *asp* has been taken out of them by repeated misapplications. Versifiers are often called melodious with as much title as blue milk has to be called savoury. They are called sweet with as much title as a last year's fir-cone has to be called succulent. And they are praised for a poetic calm when in truth they are only dull with a dulness that is much worse than prosaic. If the name of minor poets is used up by those who are not poets at all, or who at least ought to descend to the lowest place and be called "minimus" poets, there is no class left in which writers like Miss Rossetti,

* *The Prince's Progress; and other Poems.* By Christina Rossetti. London: Macmillan & Co. 1866.

and perhaps four others now living, can be ranged with justice and distinctness.

Neither the *Prince's Progress* nor the shorter poems that follow can be said to open up veins of thought and feeling that are new, but there is a certain quaint originality both in the versification and in the concrete style in which the writer delights to treat all her fancies. Her mind works not through abstract ideas, but through embodied images. For analysis, for the metaphysical style which so pleases a rather morbid and self-conscious generation, for exploring the niceties of mind, she has not much more taste than the writer of *Æsop's Fables* can have had. All her visions of social and moral truths seem to come to her through pictures, and to stay in her mind in the pictorial shape. Instead of analysing her ideas, she embodies and dramatizes them. Concrete form and colour and action are the modes to which she seems naturally and invariably to turn, and by which alone her poetic sensibilities are quickened or satisfied. And if we reflect that the balance of modern poetic feeling inclines hugely to all sorts of analogies and introspection and ponderings meant to be profound, it is at once a sign of originality in the poet, and a recommendation to the lover of poetry, to follow a totally different fashion and produce verses of a quaint and unwonted type. It is this vivid and picturesque way of moulding her subjects which compensates to some extent for Miss Rossetti's want of strong grasp and expansiveness. Nearly every stanza presents a picture full of colour and movement, and redolent of a peculiarly purified sensuousness. Even death seems only to suggest the cessation of things that are visible and palpable:—

Life is not sweet. One day it will be sweet
To shut our eyes and die;
Nor feel the wild flowers blow nor birds dart by
With flitting butterfly,
Nor grass grow long above our heads and feet,
Nor hear the happy lark that soars sky-high
Nor sigh that spring is fleet and summer fleet
Nor mark the waxing wheat
Nor know who sits in our accustomed seat.
Life is not good. One day it will be good
To die, then live again;
To sleep meanwhile; so not to feel the wane
Of shrunk leaves dropping in the wood,
Nor hear the foamy lashing of the main,
Nor mark the blackened bean-fields nor where stood
Rich ranks of golden grain
Only dead refuse stable clothe the plain;
Asleep from risk, asleep from pain.

The Seasons, that to most modern poets suggest reflections on men's lives and lot, or on the curious inner forces of earth and sun and winds, or on the unfathomable mysteries of nature in her deeper workings, are to the authoress only as beautiful ever-changing paintings. For example, under the title of "A Year's Windfalls," she goes through the twelve months of the year in as many short stanzas. Thus:—

In the parching August wind
Cornfields bow the head,
Sheltered in round valley depths,
On low hills outspread,
Early leaves drop loitering down
Weightless on the breeze,
Firstfruits of the year's decay
From the withering trees.

There is no great strength or force in this or in any other detached stanza; but a poem, unlike a chain, may be stronger than its weakest part, and the general effect here is very far from commonplace. Miss Rossetti has a gift of handling even commonplace ideas in so vivid and concrete a way as almost to rescue them from their own character. Nothing is more ordinary than the notion, nothing certainly more fallacious, that gentle, soft, half-characterless things are more faithful in adversity than those of stronger nature. Yet Miss Rossetti has reproduced it in an odd conceit which is more than tolerable:—

Did any bird come flying
After Adam and Eve,
When the door was shut against them,
And they sat down to grieve?
I think not Eve's peacock
Splendid to see,
And I think not Adam's eagle,
But a dove may be.
Did any beast come pushing
Through the thorny hedge,
Into the thorny, thistly world,
Out from Eden's edge?
I think not a lion,
Though his strength is such,
But an innocent loving lamb
May have done as much.

There is a fifth stanza, but it scarcely adds much force or significance of any kind. Indeed, this is not the only place in which the labour of the file would have been useful. A good many tame and rather slovenly verses have been left which ought either to have been cut out or polished into something more shapely. It is all very well to resist the temptation to substitute mere artificial emphasis instead of an idea, but a dull pointless cadence, such as now and again occurs in these verses, is almost as bad as if it were the sheerest artifice. And there is so much genuine and charming melody in Miss Rossetti's verse that these occasional slips jar more than enough. We cannot help looking upon the song to the swallow, for instance, as a too audacious attempt to be

simple. One stanza will show the nature of the endeavour, and also, we fancy, how jarring and unmelodious is the result:—

There goes the swallow—
Could we but follow!
Hasty swallow, stay,
Point us out the way;
Look back swallow, turn back swallow, stop swallow.

Two other stanzas, constructed on the same pattern, do not by any means mend matters. And the last lines leave one almost angry:—

Only we must stay,
Must not follow; good-bye, swallow, good swallow.

This unsuccessful piece of affected jingle contrasts strongly with a very pretty and musical song on the next page:—

Deeper than the hail can smite,
Deeper than the frost can bite,
Deep asleep through day and night,
Our delight.
Now thy sleep no pang can break,
No to-morrow bid thee wake,
Not our sobs who sit and ache
For thy sake.
Is it dark or light below?
Oh, but is it cold like snow?
Dost thou feel the green things grow
Fast or slow?
Is it warm or cold beneath?
Oh, but is it cold like death?
Cold like death without a breath,
Cold like death.

As is natural in a poet whose mind always turns to concrete realizations of her ideas, Miss Rossetti seldom or never indulges in one of the common vices of modern writers—a deliberate distortion and involution of language for the sake of presenting a superficial thought as if it were something dark and subtle. It is not so clear that she does not almost run into an opposite extreme, drawing her pictures with too little shade, and leaving too little for the imagination of the onlooker. The effect is like that of a mediæval picture, with its high horizons and stiff lines and general effect of *nearness*. The true lover of poetry seeks places where "the hidden waters lie." Downright obscurity is an offence in all cases, but there is a very wide difference between this and the occasional interposition of a line or a stanza suggesting distance and remote space. An uninterrupted succession of sensuous pictures, however pure in conception and clear in execution, is in danger of palling. The *Prince's Progress*, for example, abounds in the most exquisitely-coloured stanzas. Thus:—

By willow courses he took his path,
Spied what a nest the kingfisher hath,
Marked the fields green to aftermath,
Marked where the red-brown field-mouse ran,
Loitered awhile for a deep-stream bath,
Yearned for a fellow-man.

Or again:—

Oh, a moon-face in a shadowy place,
And a light touch and a winsome grace,
And a thrilling tender voice that says:
"Safe from waters that seek the sea—
Cold waters by rugged ways—
Safe with me."

But this profusion of figure and colour and movement, charming as it is, makes us alive to the want of a dim and suggestive background. It may be said that the whole poem is a sustained piece of suggestive allegory, and it is true that each picture may stand for some moral counterpart. Even in this case there still remains an absence of shadow. But as everybody with a thin tiny surface of poetic sensibility tries to imitate Mr. Tennyson's language, and throws out nothing but shadow, the projection of feeble passion and superficial introspection, it is unreasonable to complain that Miss Rossetti has chosen a better path of her own.

LUXURY.*

THIS is a disappointing little book upon an interesting subject. M. Ernest Feydeau might possibly have given us some interesting facts as to Parisian society, and the author of *Fanny* should certainly be an authority as to the alleged demoralization of modern French literature. Unluckily, he has only treated us to a few loosely printed pages of vague and confused declamation, which simply show that he has been made very angry. We can very well excuse him for a certain amount of indignation. The virtuous censor who deplores the progressive degeneracy of his countrymen is a singularly irritating character. When M. Dupin and M. Eugène Pelletan proclaim publicly that French morals are growing perceptibly worse, that French ladies in the highest positions are imitating the manners of the *demi-monde*, and that French literature is encouraging these faults instead of repressing them, we cannot be offended with a Frenchman for indignantly denying the charge. And there is something specially annoying in the resuscitation of the old commonplaces about luxury. We know all the ancient phrases too well. The first savage who made a warm coat out of a beast's skin was probably taunted about his luxury by his companions; and the absurdity seemed to have reached its height in the last century, when the wild man of the woods was

* *Du Luxe, des Femmes, des Mœurs, de la Littérature, et de la Vertu.* Par Ernest Feydeau. Paris: 1856.

seriously recommended for imitation by grown-up men with wigs. These old platitudes ought to be dead and buried. Perhaps M. Feydeau scarcely goes too far when he replies to an imaginary interlocutor, "Moi, je vous dis, vous êtes une bête!" or when he says that if these topics were quietly propounded to men of the world after dinner, instead of being put into solemn orations, they would content themselves by murmuring, with a quiet smile and an imperceptible shrug of the shoulders, the single word *farceur*! This, indeed, does not settle the question very satisfactorily. Men of the world sometimes direct their sneers against important truths as well as against silly platitudes. We should be glad at any rate to have it explained what are the social phenomena which have induced men in an official position to indulge in such alarming utterances as those of M. Dupin or M. Pelletan. It is more probable that they have grossly caricatured some genuine facts than that they have simply picked up an exploded bit of old-fashioned rhetoric, and given it a fresh lease of existence.

We are, it is true, accustomed to these occasional ebullitions of virtuous indignation. Belgravian mothers make a sudden discovery of evils which have not been quite unknown in former ages. Some one finds out that it is possible for a middle-class Englishman to marry on three hundred a year. There is a sudden rush of correspondence to the newspapers, which makes one wonder at the quantity of good moral sentiment that must have been smouldering in secret till the match was accidentally applied. But we settle down again pretty quietly, and come to the conclusion that, on the whole, human nature has not materially changed, and that people are not much more extravagant in proportion to their means, nor much more immoral, than they were in former times. Ladies of fortune, as M. Dupin tells us, have been spending a good deal of money upon their toilettes. The inferior classes follow the example. The frog in the fable burst himself in the attempt to swell to the size of the ox; at present the frog would succeed. He would only have to adjust round his person the elastic dimensions of modern fashions to become as great as his model. It is easy to trace the awful consequences to virtue; how debts are incurred which cannot be paid, and which cannot be revealed to the husband; and how, as some restraint upon these practices, it would be desirable to have societies, composed of mothers of families, who should dress themselves decently but moderately, and pitilessly retrench everything superfluous. Thus the assumed moral degeneracy of the race is satisfactorily traced to the tendency of women to spend money upon their dress. Expensive toilettes are the origin of all evil in modern society. It is evident of course that this, if taken literally, would be to assume that a particular symptom of the disease is the cause of the disease itself. But we may doubt also whether the symptom has been fairly described. Various moralists of reputation have observed at different epochs that the female sex was fond of personal adornment, and devoted much time and money to it. The social philosophers who provide tracts for the lower classes have accumulated a good many instances of the evil effects of the love of finery. Even crinoline is not an unexampled phenomenon. Many ladies dressed extravagantly a hundred years ago, and it is not improbable that they will do so a hundred years hence. It would be difficult to show, and the moralists never attempt to show, that a larger proportion of our income than formerly goes to mere useless luxury; but, unless this can be proved, luxury has not increased in any intelligible sense. Every one, including Mr. Ruskin, can find plenty of faults in modern society, if it is compared with an ideal standard. People spend a deal of money senselessly, as they kill and wound each other from very irrational motives. But we object to being scolded vehemently for our extravagant or warlike propensities, unless it can be shown that we are actually going down hill. If we are as good as our fathers in most respects, and a good deal better in others, as seems to be the case, we deserve to have a little praise mixed with this high-toned condemnation. And this is specially desirable in arguing about luxury, considering that the luxury of one century is the necessity of the next. M. Feydeau argues with some force that, if we are to give up luxury, we ought to destroy our telegraphs, our factories, and our railways, which are the real root of the evil. He does not seem indeed to have cleared his mind of the fallacy that unproductive expenditure is somehow specially beneficial to the poor. In the case of France there is a certain apparent justification for his theory. America, England, Germany, and Italy, as he informs us with characteristic complacency, are totally incapable of making anything graceful, whatever materials you may give them, and whatever models you may set before them. France has a natural monopoly of the artistic faculties, and consequently, by destroying luxury, you would strike at the root of her national prosperity. If the world could be framed to a puritanical severity of taste, it might provide its own clumsy and hideous objects for itself. France would cease to be necessary when good taste became extinct. From this frightful calamity we may hope to be preserved. In a different order of things, M. Feydeau holds up a fearful example to his countrymen. The French love of pleasure, to which material luxury ministers, is necessary to well-regulated society. M. Feydeau once had a melancholy proof of the effects produced by the absence of this spirit. He was, we shudder to say, in Glasgow on Sunday. A Frenchman in such a position is an object deserving of the profoundest sympathy, and M. Feydeau seems to have tasted the full bitterness of his lot. He could not escape; there were neither trains, nor steamboats, nor omnibuses, nor cabs. The letters were not delivered. The shops were shut. The passers-by took care to

show by their manner that they were not going for a walk, but to church. A policeman begged him to put out his cigar. He was driven, not knowing what to do, to take refuge in a Catholic church. When he came out with the congregation, a hostile crowd shook its fists at him and cursed him. He asked for champagne, and the innkeeper protested. Finally, he went to bed in disgust, and has drawn this terrible picture of his experiences to warn his countrymen of the awful effects of a total abstinence from luxury. Indeed, if there were no alternative between the life of Paris and the horrors of a Scotch "Sabbath," a Frenchman might be pardoned for hesitating.

It is plain, however, that all this does not exactly solve the problem. There are a good many varieties of life between the extreme terms of a Scotchman in the full dreariness of his weekly observance and the Parisian who scandalizes him by his total indifference. The question still remains whether there has not been of late a strong tendency to undue relaxation of manners in France. To answer this would require an amount of local knowledge which few people possess, even in France, and of which M. Feydeau gives us no proof. After all, the section of society which comes within the observation of any one man is less than he generally fancies, and he is very liable to make too sweeping generalizations from it. If the most conspicuous persons take to greater or to more open extravagance than was formerly the case, it is easy to exaggerate the effects of their example, especially for themselves. The immorality which existed in England in the Court of Charles II. has been supposed to have extended much further, and to have implied a much more radical change in the habits of the nation than was probably the case, because historians have been in the habit of attending too exclusively to the records of Courts, and of inferring too hastily that they were a fair specimen of the country. We are liable to a similar blunder now. From the follies of a few conspicuous persons, we guess at those of great masses who probably are very little affected by them. We should have some doubts as to the judgment passed upon the French people at large, even by that omniscient person the Paris Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, to whom the doors of every Frenchman, from the Emperor downwards, seem to be invariably thrown open. Even he can scarcely be entitled to speak authoritatively of the precise extent to which the people have been infected by a growing spirit of luxury, if only because almost every man who talks about it has some special prejudices to express, or some theory to establish. When a man says that his countrymen are degenerate, it may generally be taken to mean that his party is out of power. Legitimists and Orléanists and Republicans are of course liberal in attributing unbounded evil results to the present order of things. We shall, however, be probably safe in assuming with M. Feydeau that people generally spend too much money—a statement which he puts into capital letters, as being the gravest charge to be established against modern society. It is a natural consequence of their getting rich with unprecedented rapidity. The same moralists who denounce luxury generally inveigh against over-speculation. But speculation at least proves that credit is extending, and luxury proves an increase of wealth; neither of which facts is bad in itself. We may accept the evils as an inevitable, though, it is to be hoped, a temporary drawback upon advances made by an imperfect set of beings. As for the remedies which M. Feydeau states to be the only ones possible, it seems at least likely that an experiment may be tried. There are, he says, two; first, an obstinate and sanguinary war, after the fashion of our forefathers. This, he thinks, will restore to us some of the virile qualities which we have lost. It will make us more barbarous, but also give us more elevated characters. This is a common, but would seem to be a very arbitrary, theory. War is a brutalizing process at best, and the less sentiment talked about it the better. However, in so far as it is destructive of wealth, it must certainly tend to make a reckless use of wealth impossible. This remedy seems to have a better chance of being put immediately in practice than his other, which is liberty. Liberty is an excellent thing, but has not yet been found incompatible with spending money. And perhaps we must be content with hoping that an increase of public spirit will in time teach people to get rid of their superfluous wealth for more worthy objects than at present; but we must also be content to see luxury repressed very slowly by any such process—which is yet the only really effective process—as an increase in the general average of wisdom and good feeling.

GARDEN ARCHITECTURE AND LANDSCAPE GARDENING.*

UNTIL we took up Mr. Hughes's book we had no idea that "Capability" Brown had any professional progeny living and flourishing at this present day. We were under the delusion that when a man wanted a garden laid out or a park improved, if neither he nor his wife nor his daughters were competent to the task, he betook himself to the nurseryman of whom he bought his shrubs and trees, and acted on that respectable person's advice; unless, indeed—which seemed the more probable alternative—he was in bondage to a taskmaster who, in the guise of a head-

* *Garden Architecture and Landscape Gardening, Illustrating the Architectural Embellishment of Gardens, with Remarks on Landscape Gardening in its Relation to Architecture.* By John Arthur Hughes. London: Longmans & Co.

gardener, ruled over him and his possessions with a rod of iron. If anything more were wanted in the way of ornamental terraces and balustrades, then it seemed enough that he should consult his architect; and if he wanted vases and fountains, with perhaps a nymph or so, and a Vertumnus or a Pomona, are there not all the gods and goddesses of Olympus, with vases and dolphins innumerable, to be bought in terra cotta *ad libitum*, in some dozen of manufactories in the City Road and other pleasant parts of London? However, we are glad to be undeceived, and to admit that our error was unreasonable. Though the large majority of the rich people who seem to be increasing year by year, almost in geometrical ratio, undoubtedly fix their head-quarters in London, still there are a certain number who love the country better than the town, and a certain number also whose wealth is so considerable that a country establishment is as necessary to their new ideas of right and wrong as a house in Belgrave or Tyburnia, or in that other fast-growing wilderness of squares and streets once known as the modest Bromptonia, but now become the aspiring South Kensingtonia. Among them all there must necessarily be a goodly number of personages who are guiltless of all rural and horticultural knowledge, but who, though they cannot conceive how a reputed wise man like King Solomon should have written, "He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye," would just now be glad to listen to him if he could discourse as of yore, when "he spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." It is, indeed, a source of surprise that the Wise King has not been long ago claimed as the founder of Horticultural Societies and International Exhibitions, just as the freemasons claim him as the first freemason, and as sundry Roman barefooted friars claim Elijah as the founder of the Carmelites. Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., should seriously think of it.

To all such wealthy people Mr. Hughes tenders his services, whether they are about to build a house from the ground, to lay out its grounds, or to decide upon the direction and sweep of a road. Whether Mr. Hughes is a professed architect, we cannot say. He speaks, indeed, in his preface, of "professors" and of "the profession"; but we are not clear whether he does not mean "professors" of architectural landscape gardening, as constituting a special profession all by themselves. There is nothing so deceiving as this title of "professor." A hundred years ago there were only two classes of people known as professors to the English public. There were the religious "professors," as the Low Church and Dissenting sects called themselves; and there were the occupants of professorships in the Universities and certain legally constituted scientific bodies. Now, everybody who has anything to sell, from conjurers and dancing-masters upwards, is a "professor," and finds himself no doubt all the better thought of for the name. As to what Mr. Hughes exactly "professes," we are further puzzled to decide, on finding him introduce a sketch of an imaginary conversation on landscape gardening between a rich man and his adviser with the words, "Most professors will recollect a conversation something like the following." Whatever he professes, however, the only real question is as to what he knows; and, if he is not a professional architect, we can but express regret that professional architects themselves so often exhibit much less knowledge of the principles of architectural design, and much less capacity for the composition of details, than are here displayed by a landscape and architectural gardener.

Before entering upon the variety of criticisms and suggestions which he lays before his readers, Mr. Hughes furnishes "the profession" with some hints as to the ways of the people who are likely to employ them. Of these hints the two most important are suggestive; get your employer as fast as you can out of England until all the work is completed, and by all means make friends with his wife and daughters. Not that Mr. Hughes puts the two counsels thus side by side on his page, or gives the remotest colour to the conclusions which malignity might be disposed to draw from them. His true motive for wishing to get rid of his employer is one in which we can cordially sympathize with him. Nobody who has ever had anything to do with building, or with laying out gardens or grounds, can have failed to observe the absolute incapacity of most people for understanding what will be the actual effect of works existing only in intention or in embryo, however clearly explained by the designer, who sees everything complete with the eye of his mind. Therefore, says Mr. Hughes, "fortunate is the professor" who is not worried out of his life by the ridiculous and *mal-à-propos* criticisms of an employer who watches and grumbles over the successive stages of improvements or buildings, which are apparently profitless or ugly until the complete whole stands revealed before him. As for "the ladies," we cannot quite make out what Mr. Hughes thinks of them. First of all he speaks of them as being of the nature of noodles, who are incapable of understanding the "professor's" observation that flowers will not grow under the dripping of elm-trees; and he reminds the profession that, if they insist on unpleasant truths, "they may carry their point and lose a patroness." But then immediately afterwards he goes on in quite another strain; and his reflections appear to us at once most gallant and most judicious. "It is astonishing," he says—though why it is astonishing we cannot conceive—"how fond ladies are of dabbling in landscape gardening, and very often with considerable success; and it is, therefore, of great importance to enlist them on the side of the professor. They are, as a rule, possessed of taste in a more marked degree than are men,

and it is only when they become *entêtées* of a particular object or effect that their usual powers of discrimination fail them, and they cease to be valuable allies of the landscape gardener. Yield in trifles," adds Mr. Hughes, "but in important cases present a firm but respectful opposition at the proper time, and at no other." Evidently Mr. Hughes must be of one mind with Mr. John Stuart Mill on the great woman's franchise question. He has clearly suffered more at the hands of men than of women, and in one chapter we find him quite pathetically indignant and contemptuous at the scurvy treatment that his designs for a garden received at the hands of a certain gentleman—at least he does not call him a gentleman, but only "the owner" and "the proprietor"—who was desirous of growing more vegetables than Mr. Hughes had provided for, and was accordingly seduced by "official friends" into calling in "a practical man" to mend matters, an end which Mr. Hughes believes was certainly not accomplished by "the said man."

Of the character of Mr. Hughes's designs it is impossible to give any detailed account without the aid of his very numerous and well-executed woodcuts. They are always sound in principle, and rarely, to our eyes, otherwise than agreeable and harmonious. They embrace all sorts of details—terraces, steps, balustrades, copings, piers, bridges, flower-beds, rustic houses, fountains, and so forth—mostly Italian in style, but occasionally Gothic. The various styles of gardening, too, he expounds at full length, now and then indulging in somewhat arbitrary distinctions, and describing one of these styles by the barbarous word "gardenesque." His views on the difficulty of treating grounds attached to Gothic houses may be quoted as a proof of the careful study which he generally brings to bear on his subject, though we entirely differ from his conclusion:—

Pure Gothic domestic architecture does not lend itself to garden decoration as readily as the classical styles. It may be that the gardens, if any, which were attached to such buildings have been effaced by the hand of time. We all know how soon a neglected garden becomes obliterated, almost as if it had never been; and we, therefore, do not know how our ancestors formed such gardens. The writer is inclined to think that some attention was paid to a sort of *plaisance*; but when every rich man's house was a species of castle, there would not be much room for garden ground. A small spot is shown at Conway Castle as the garden of Queen Eleanor of Castile; but as it is surrounded on three sides by high walls, it could not have been a very good place for flowers. In the gardens attached to Gothic domestic architecture slopes will take the place of balustrades. . . . Yew and box hedges will suit well.

And then he adds that ivy beds, ivy mounds, and ivied walls are good Gothic; and that steps and slopes may be used in abundance, but no vases. Here, really, we have the true architectural emptiness of the day. Mr. Hughes thinks only of repeating what he has actually seen. He does not go to old Gothic buildings for rules and principles, but for mere examples. If a thing is old, and is now to be observed in proximity with Gothic remains, then, he holds, it is Gothic in character. Therefore, ivied walls are Gothic, and so are slopes, but vases and balustrades are not Gothic. What superficial trifling is this! What is an Italian balustrade but a parapet; a wall of open stonework, breast high, or thereabouts (*parapetto*), to prevent one from tumbling down the outside of a building, or over the edge of a garden terrace? It is absolutely identical in nature with the pierced and ornamented parapets of the second and third periods of Gothic architecture; and the forms of the Decorated and Perpendicular parapets which exist at the base of church roofs, or on the summits of church towers, are every whit as appropriate in a garden terrace as is an Italian balustrade. Why, too, are vases admissible in Italian, but not in Gothic, gardening? The garden vase is simply an outdoor reproduction, for use or ornament, of a form of vessel originally designed for in-door use or ornament. Certainly we have no examples of out-door vessels of this kind of middle-age origin, but we have innumerable examples of the application of Gothic forms to similar purposes within doors. What is a church font but a vase designed to answer one special end—namely, to contain a certain quantity of water at a certain height from the ground? An architect who could not design endless varieties of beautiful out-door Gothic flower-vases, without trenching upon the peculiarities of the church font, would not deserve the name of Gothic. One limitation, it is certain, Gothic principles would put upon the out-door vase; they would admit no sham vases of solid stone, stuck up for ornament, after the debased Italian fashion, and not for use.

One specially popular folly of the day we are surprised to find advocated by Mr. Hughes. He admires those abominations in the shape of garden walks made up of coloured sands, broken tiles, and other "detestable enormities," which may be witnessed any day by the curious at South Kensingtonia and elsewhere. This, indeed, is the truly anti-Gothic system with a vengeance. Five hundred years ago it was held that walks were things to walk upon, and that to treat them as if they constituted an elementary portion of a garden design was an absurdity. They hold an entirely subordinate place to that of flowers, grass, shrubs, and trees, and are not introduced for their own sake; and their colour should therefore be simply such as should not offend the eye, and their substance such as is agreeable to tread upon. Viewed as an integral element in the galaxy of colour which a garden should present, they are as obtrusively and dismally ugly as they are in principle ridiculous and unsound. These little blots, however, in Mr. Hughes's treatment of his subject, only lessen the real value of his volume to the extent of the pages in which they occur. In all other respects it is a very pleasant and instructive book.

BINNS' WORCESTER POTTERY.*

THIS would be a more interesting book if the commercial element did not obtrude itself quite so prominently upon the reader's notice. The old porcelain of Worcester deserved a "monograph," so to call it; and the revival of the manufacture, under new auspices, is a fact of some importance from an artistic point of view. It was difficult, and perhaps impossible, for Mr. Binns, who has had a large share in the rehabilitation of the Worcester ware, to speak dispassionately of the decay of the manufacture, and to keep in the background the improved hopes and prospects of the present proprietors. But the result is somewhat disagreeable, and gives to a valuable essay something of the effect of a tradesman's advertisement. With this abatement, we may speak highly of the book before us. Mr. Binns is an archaeologist, as well as an artist, and so is thoroughly qualified to become the historian of the Worcester porcelain from the first foundation of the pottery there to the present day.

Every one knows by this time that porcelain, as distinguished from mere pottery, consists of a translucent white body or substance, covered with a transparent glaze. It was very long before the manufacture of porcelain was successfully introduced into Europe. It is said that a soft porcelain was made at Florence as early as 1575. In France, at St. Cloud, a similar ware was produced in 1695; and in 1709 true porcelain was made in Germany. By the middle of last century the porcelain works at Bow, at Chelsea, and at Derby, were in existence, and an enterprising physician at Worcester, Dr. Wall, who was an excellent chemist, was making a course of independent experiments for the discovery of a true porcelain "body." This ingenious man succeeded at last in producing a very beautiful translucent paste of close texture, with a delicate glaze, homogeneously united to the body, and many connoisseurs believe the proper Worcester ware to be the nearest European approach to the porcelain of China and Japan. The "body" of the original Worcester ware is what is called a "fritt" body—i.e. one consisting of many different materials fritted, or melted together, at a great heat, in order to form chemically that which we find naturally in the proper porcelain clays. In like manner, the early porcelains of France and of Chelsea were produced from "fritt" bodies. It is alleged that the particular Worcester "fritt" cannot be distinguished from the Oriental porcelain, even in fracture, unless it be tested with a file. The subsequent discovery of true porcelain clays in different parts of Europe has of course superseded, in later manufacture, the use of these artificially-composed pastes. The Worcester works were brought into active operation in the year 1751, and a few specimens of the ware, bearing that date, are preserved as great rarities by ceramic collectors. So few persons give any credit to our forefathers in the last century for artistic perceptions, that it is rather astonishing to find Mr. Binns declaiming, not without reason, against the vulgar size and weight of modern teaspoons ("clumsy lumps of silver" he calls them), as being quite unfitted for use in the delicate egg-shell cups of a proper porcelain tea-service. He is quite right. When Worcester and Chelsea first sent out their fairy tea-services, the spoons in general use were slightly and elegantly fashioned, and artistic workmanship and refinement of form made their value far greater than that of the coarse weight of metal which modern silversmiths impose on their customers. But, nevertheless, the taste of the eighteenth century was generally very defective. We cannot praise very highly the forms which Mr. Binns commends as having been in use in the Worcester works at their first establishment; and we hear, with some regret, that "fashion has performed her cycle," and that models in use a century ago are now again "commending themselves to public favour." For our own part, we think many of the Worcester jars perfectly hideous in shape, and not even the occasional beauty of the colouring—rich cobalt blue, marone, and opaque green—atones for the ugliness of form. Mr. Binns seems to be of the same opinion; for he expresses his regret that Dr. Wall, when he invented the process, was content to copy the forms and patterns of the blue porcelain of China.

Collectors and connoisseurs know that a rude crescent and a capital W (Dr. Wall's initial) are the peculiar trade-marks of the earliest Worcester porcelain. But the more elaborate Japanese patterns always bore an imitation of the Chinese fretted square. Besides those peculiarities, a special boldness and brightness of gilding (due, it is supposed, to the thinness of the glaze) marks the most valuable products of this manufactory. But the great glory of Worcester rests in the discovery of what is called transfer-printing—an ingenious method of transferring printed patterns to biscuit ware, instead of painting them by hand. This invention, as Dr. Lardner remarked, enabled the ceramic manufacturers of England to rival, and in the long run to surpass, all their Continental competitors. English pottery is now justly famous through the civilized world, and its production, employing about 110,000 persons, is one of the staple industries of our country. Of course the credit of the invention of transfer-printing is claimed for several persons and places. Mr. Binns undertakes to prove that Dr. Wall, the founder of the Worcester manufactory, was the real discoverer of the process. His argument is as

follows:—It appears that, about 1750, some works for the production of enamels on copper were established at York House, Battersea. These Battersea enamels are much prized by collectors, and are remarkable for the beauty of their decorative designs. It is on record that Ravenet and his pupils, John Hall and Robert Hancock, engraved many of the best designs for these enamels. The works were broken up in 1756, when Alderman Jansen, the proprietor, became a bankrupt. The careful engravings prepared by these artists for the enamels were obviously equally suitable for use on porcelain, and several specimens are known of Worcester china with subjects bearing Robert Hancock's initials. In particular, a Worcester mug, printed in black, with a portrait of the King of Prussia, produced in 1757, was designed by Hancock; and the inference is that this skillful artist, when no longer employed at Battersea, was invited to Worcester by Dr. Wall, and commissioned to transfer his designs by printing upon porcelain. This is by no means improbable. No documentary evidence remains to throw light upon the subject; but as printed porcelain was certainly in use at Worcester so early as 1757, it is not unfair to attribute the invention to Dr. Wall himself, or his colleagues in the undertaking. It is to be noted that all this black printing was done on the glazed surface of the ware, and afterwards passed through the enamel kiln. The introduction of a method of printing on porcelain before the glaze was added, followed almost immediately.

The Worcester porcelain soon gained a great reputation, and it was acknowledged by good judges that it was extremely difficult to distinguish between real Chinese ware and its Worcester imitations. The deception was the more complete because the Worcester porcelain deliberately imitated Chinese or Japanese marks. In fact, with still less excuse, the well-known device of the Dresden crossed swords was occasionally counterfeited. Mr. Binns plods chronologically through the successive developments of the manufacture. The earliest written record of the introduction of the steatite, or soap-rock, of Cornwall into the Worcester works is dated in 1770; but the material was certainly in use before. An improved process, called "bat printing," was brought into use about 1780. The name is derived from a glaze bat, with which the outlines of subjects were printed on the ware, the details being filled in by hand-painting. This was, in fact, the application of stippling to porcelain printing. We confess that we do not find much to interest us in the details of royal visits to the manufactory, or in the description of costly Worcester services expressly ordered on particular occasions. Rival kilns were established at Worcester by the Chamberlains about 1786; and after a long career of prosperity both factories were thrown in the shade by the marvellous energy of the great Staffordshire potters. It is singular that the name of Wedgwood is not once mentioned, to the best of our belief, throughout this volume. In fact Mr. Binns has, very unwisely, almost wholly ignored in his history the parallel progress of other English ceramic artists. But in 1840 common depression compelled the two rival houses in Worcester to unite in a joint-stock company. Still, however, the manufacture languished; and our historian frankly complains:—"The taste displayed on the porcelain had now sunk so low that it is painful to write of it." In fact, at the Great Exhibition of 1851, exactly a century after the first establishment of the Worcester works, nothing better than an "honourable mention" was earned by the exhibited specimens of Worcester porcelain. Many of our readers know that in the Exhibition of 1862 the Worcester ware had deservedly recovered much of its lost reputation. It was far inferior to the extraordinary display made by Minton and Copeland and others of the Staffordshire potters, but was faithful to the ancient traditions of the Worcester manufacture, being remarkable for delicate finish and very careful elaboration. The present enterprising proprietors have our best wishes for their continued success. We congratulate Mr. Binns on the good spirit with which he has followed the fortunes of a very important manufacture. His volume is indispensable to the large and growing class of connoisseurs in ceramic art. We doubt whether anything more remains to be told of Worcester ware. Any collector may learn, from these pages and the careful appendices, whether any specimens in which he is interested really came from the Worcester kilns. And it may be fairly hoped that the intelligent artisans who are employed in this manufacture will feel fresh interest in their work when they read in Mr. Binns' pages the history of the varied fortunes of the Worcester potteries.

FARNORTH.*

WE have rarely met with a book which so narrowly and yet so decidedly misses being a good novel as *Farnorth*. The author has so many of the qualities of a good novelist that we are the more disappointed at finding in his work faults that no good novelist would commit. The plot is really a connecting thread between the personages of the story, and not, as is too often the case, a mere *olla podrida* of incidents selected at random. Though somewhat complex, it is kept well in hand, and the modern *deus ex machina*—coincidence—is not invoked with indiscreet frequency.

* *A Century of Potting in the City of Worcester, being the History of the Royal Porcelain Works from 1751 to 1851.* By R. W. Binns, F.S.A. London: Quaritch.

* *Farnorth.* By Theo. Kennedy. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1866.

The motive incident of the story is, as usual, a bigamy. Theodore Harding, the heroine's father, had in his younger days, some twenty-five years before the commencement of the story, foolishly married a woman of low character. When the story begins, Harding is living as a widower with Zoe, his only child by a second marriage, and it is therefore not unreasonably believed that the disreputable first wife is, as Harding asserts, long since dead. The experienced novel-reader will feel no surprise at learning that such is not the case, and that the unfortunate woman, not dead, but lunatic, is confined in a *maison de santé* at Paris. The second marriage was of course illegal, and Zoe, as a natural consequence, is illegitimate. The secret becomes known to Harding's brother-in-law, Algernon Silvester, an aristocratic blackleg, whose daughter, Clara, is the beautiful fiend without whom it would almost seem that no modern novel is complete. In such hands the secret is not likely to lie idle, and a species of what the French call *chantage* is practised upon Harding, with considerable profit to his amiable relatives. Harding dies suddenly; Clara finds and conceals his will, which gives all to Zoe, and thereby enables her father, in right of his wife as next of kin, to claim the bulk of Harding's very large possessions. It is hardly necessary to say that the triumph of the usurpers is only temporary, and that every one is finally disposed of in an appropriate manner, and strictly in accordance with the rules of poetical justice. Side by side with the main plot, of which we have given a brief outline, there is a second and almost entirely distinct plot relative to the family of the Plantagenets, the hereditary lords of Farnorth, with an exciting discovery of the rightful heir to the baronetcy in the person of the virtuous hero, Captain Horace Snowe, who is of course Zoe's lover. Such an intricate combination of circumstances might, with judicious management, have furnished the material for two or three average novels, and we should imagine that the popular novelists of the day (if popular novelists ever read anybody's books but their own) will be disposed to regard the waste of incident in *Farnorth* as almost wicked. It is to the author's credit that he never absolutely loses himself in the labyrinth he has created; but though he has so far preserved his control over the story, the redundancy of the plot is still a decided disadvantage. At about the middle of the third volume the author has still, in order to completely develop his story, fully a volume and a half to write, and the necessity for compressing all that remains to be said into the orthodox limits greatly mars the effect of the *dénouement*. The suppression of the whole of the Plantagenet-Snowe part of the tale would have been a decided improvement. The mystery about Horace Snowe's birth, and the final discovery that he is the rightful heir to a baronetcy and a large estate, at the precise moment when the wrongful possessor has been providentially killed, is not only grossly improbable, but greatly weakens the effect of the story proper. The effect produced upon the mind by this duplex description of plot is something like that of sitting just within hearing distance of two pieces of music at once. Now and then we may catch distinctly a few bars of the one or the other; but for the most part the two are heard together, and discord takes the place of any harmony which they might individually possess.

Mr. Kennedy's conceptions of character are vigorous, and they are sketched with no feeble hand. As is usually the case, the bad characters are very much the better drawn; nor is it difficult to understand why this should be so. So much of virtue consists in the mere avoidance of vice, that depicting a virtuous character is something like attempting to prove a negative. The "white flower of a blameless life" is hard to paint, and of little effect when painted, from its very whiteness. Evil, on the other hand, is Protean in its forms, and iridescent in its colours. While there is but one road to right, and that straight and commonplace, there are a score of winding paths and picturesque byways leading to evil. Mr. Kennedy fully appreciates the greater picturesqueness of vice, and is determined to avail himself of it to the utmost. There is in *Farnorth* a perfect plethora of detestable characters; four of the personages being absolutely jet-black, without one redeeming trait among them. Mrs. Silvester, the least repulsive, is an incarnation of mere animal selfishness, and only escapes being utterly hateful by being utterly contemptible. Sir Mortimer Plantagenet is equally selfish, with the addition of a peculiarly offensive vanity, and without even a selfish regard for the plain principles of honour and honesty. Giles Houndly, the toady and backbiter by turns, lives, as it seems, for the one object of disseminating the most venomous slanders. But Clara Silvester, who completes the quartet, carries off the palm for really first-class wickedness. The manner in which she manoeuvres to discover her uncle's secret, and then forces her father to do the dirty work of trading upon it while she reaps the profit, and the way in which, in the very presence of death, she purloins the will which stands between her and fortune, are worthy of a Brinvilliers or a Borgia; but even these achievements are surpassed, to our mind, by the insidious treachery with which she poisons the mind of Zoe against the man who truly loves her, and induces her to accept the mercenary attentions of the heartless Sir Mortimer. For thorough and unswerving consistency in evil, the character of Clara Silvester has rarely been surpassed in fiction, and we give the author full credit for the powerful manner in which he has worked out so repulsive a conception. A timid author would have got frightened, like Frankenstein, at his own creation. But when we come to measure these characters by the standard of nature, we cannot help feeling that

they are utterly untrue. Scarcely any one is so bad that he has in him no element of good, and a character of unmixt evil would be a greater rarity than the blackest of black swans. We are disposed, notwithstanding the artistic elaboration which Mr. Kennedy has bestowed upon his ideal fiends and fiendesses, to give a much higher place as a real work of art to his less complete villain, Algernon Silvester. Silvester is quite bad enough, but he has moments of remorse, and real, though transient, impulses of generosity. He is at least a human being; but the other characters above mentioned are mere stage demons. The author's good characters are generally stupid. We may make an exception in favour of Zoe, who goes through her various trials both naturally and gracefully, and generally excites our sympathy. We find it a little hard to understand why she should have fallen in love with the virtuous hero, Horace Snowe, who is even more wooden than virtuous heroes generally. By no means, however, do we question the propriety of the arrangement. On the whole, we are inclined to think that, in mating his heroine, *à la* Titania, with an amiably-disposed donkey, the author has exhibited his knowledge of human nature.

Mr. Kennedy's style is by no means always irreproachable. There are in *Farnorth* many serious blemishes of manner and language which a very small exertion of good taste would have sufficed to avoid. In attempting to be smart Mr. Kennedy is too often flippant. He does not seem to be aware of the distinction between vulgar language in the mouth of an avowedly vulgar character and in the mouth of the author himself. Thus, when Algernon Silvester expresses his desire to "polish off some porter without loss of time," the phrase is appropriate enough; but when the author proceeds to tell us, on his own account, that Silvester "extended the same burnishing process to several glasses of sherry," we feel almost indignant that Mr. Kennedy should believe us likely to be amused by so poor a pretence of humour. Of the same order of dreary facetiousness is the calling a widow lady a "relict," and describing a person as acknowledging a compliment by "a liberal display of his ivories." Mr. Kennedy seems to think that slang, sufficiently diluted, becomes wit. Occasionally he is even more decidedly coarse. We can imagine Clara Silvester doing a good many extraordinary things, but we cannot imagine her telling her father, in order to dissipate one of his occasional fits of remorse, "You must have been cropping the pasturage of Mount Lebanon, and lubricating your sinful self with the unctuous ooze of Gilead." Independently of the confusion of metaphors, and the extreme improbability that so complicated a comparison could have suggested itself impromptu, the idea and the manner of expressing it are alike utterly repulsive, and especially misplaced in the mouth of a woman. Other instances are sufficiently plentiful. A pet curate—described as a "reverend bee in a honey-pot"—has reigned supreme among the young ladies of Farnorth; but he is eclipsed by Captain Horace Snowe, for, as the author gracefully tells us, "Sword will triumph over Gown, for the red rag is potent as ever with women and turkeys." Mr. Kennedy's lady readers will feel flattered by the sentiment.

Mr. Kennedy has learned French, and he loses no opportunity of advertising the fact. The characters constantly address each other as *mon père, ma fille, ma belle, &c.*, in the most airy and graceful manner; and even make short excursions—as far as *señorita* and *madre mia*—into Spanish and Italian. French, however, is their strong point, or, as the author would probably express it, their *cheval de bataille*. They welcome each other with *empressment*, and kiss *avec effusion*. So far Mr. Kennedy was on tolerably safe ground, but it was a rash attempt to introduce among the characters a real French governess, occasionally speaking whole sentences of her native language. When we mention that Mr. Kennedy in two places uses the word *provençale* to signify "provincial," it will be understood that his French, like that of Chancer's prioress, is rather of the school of Stratford-atte-Bowe than that of Paris. We dare say that his knowledge of the language is fully adequate to the ordering of a dinner in the Palais Royal, or any similar exigency, but we strongly recommend him not again to exhibit it in print. The extraordinary blunders which even the best French authors commit when they assume a familiarity with the English language should be a caution to our own writers not to venture rashly on similar dangerous ground.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

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